

FIRST
COMICS
JULY 61 1990
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CANADA

MIKE BARON • STEVE BUTLER • RANDY CLARK

BADGER



BADGER™

CREATED BY MIKE BARON



A self-styled crime fighter who rides the highways and by-ways of America, the **Badger** metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast-food clerks — in fact, *any-damn-body he feels like because he's CRAZY!*

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: It's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind.

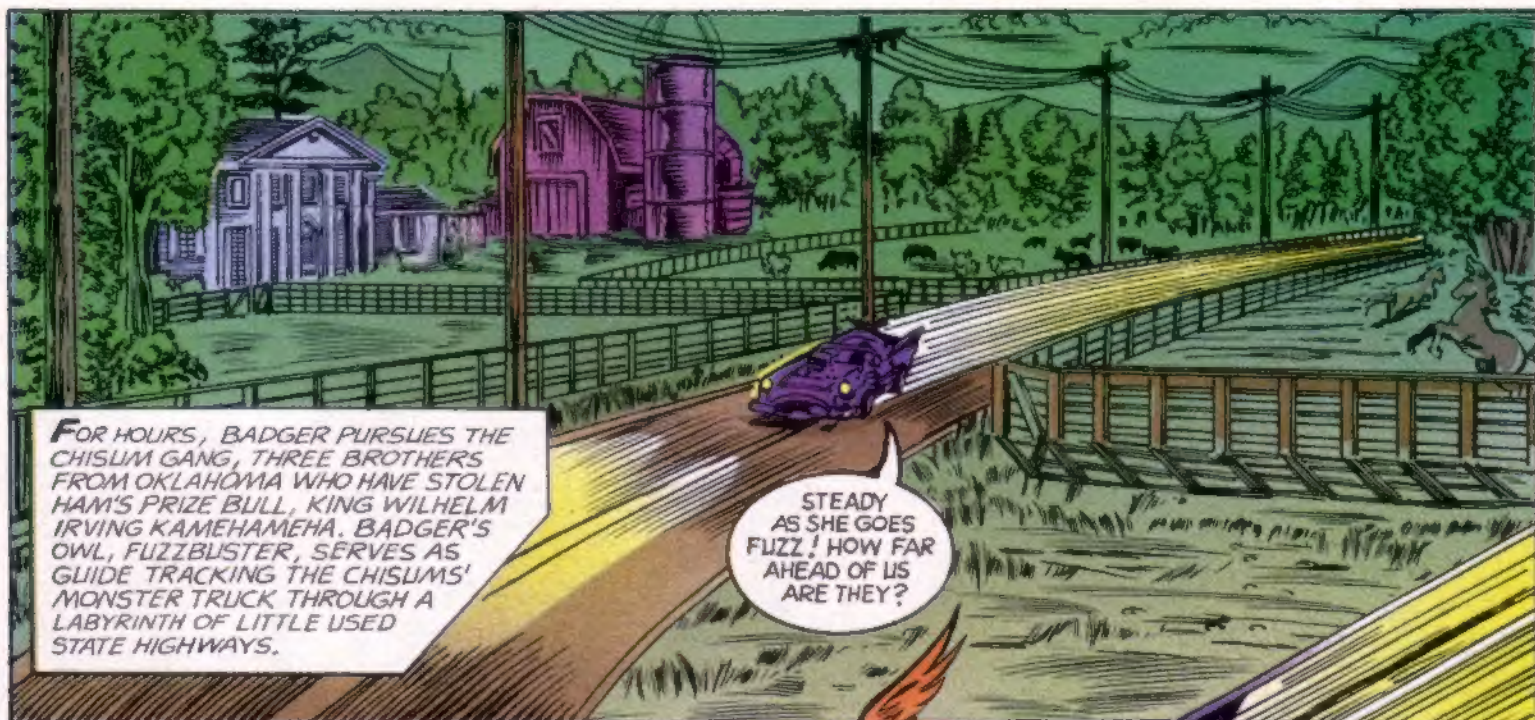
Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger lives with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

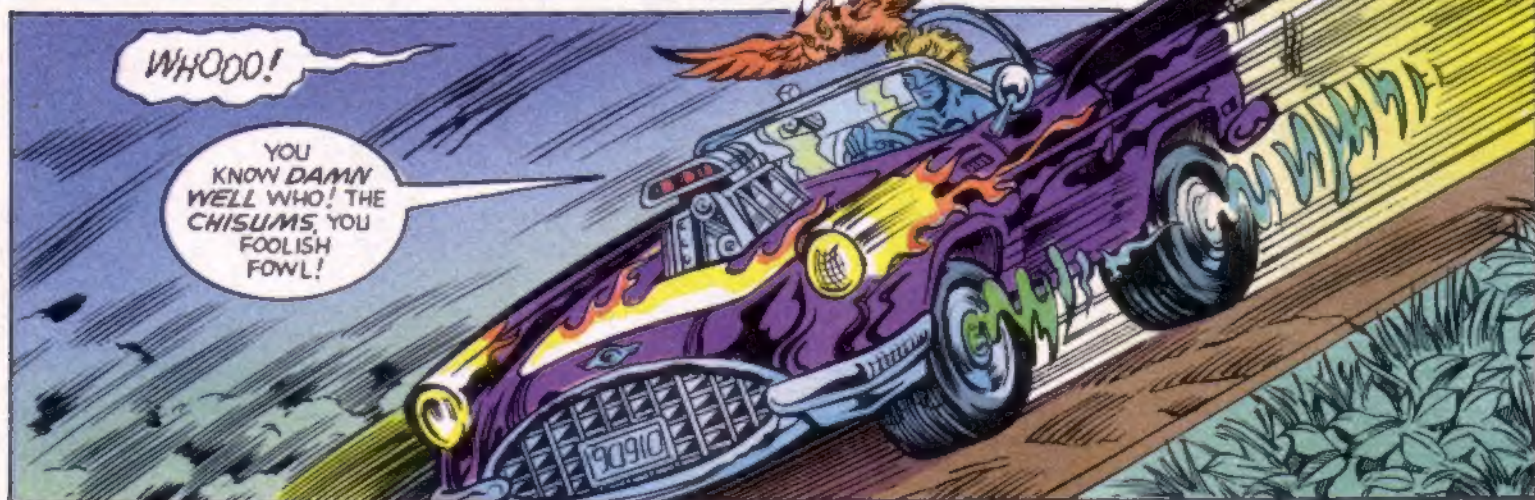
Last Issue: Not now... the Badger must be warned! He's off in pursuit of those martial arts masters, the **Chisum Brothers**, who have "bullnapped" Mavis' prize bull, **King Wilhelm Irving Kamehameha**. But he doesn't know that Ham has discovered that the brothers are backed by a powerful demonic force! Oh my.

BADGER™ Vol. 1, No. 61, July 1990. Published by FIRST PUBLISHING, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 First Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: \$1.95 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: \$23.50 in the U.S., \$25.50 in Canada, and \$45.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. The stories, incidents, and characters mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content, are intended or should be inferred. The Badger, Ham, and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Publishing, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Badger**, c/o First Publishing, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.



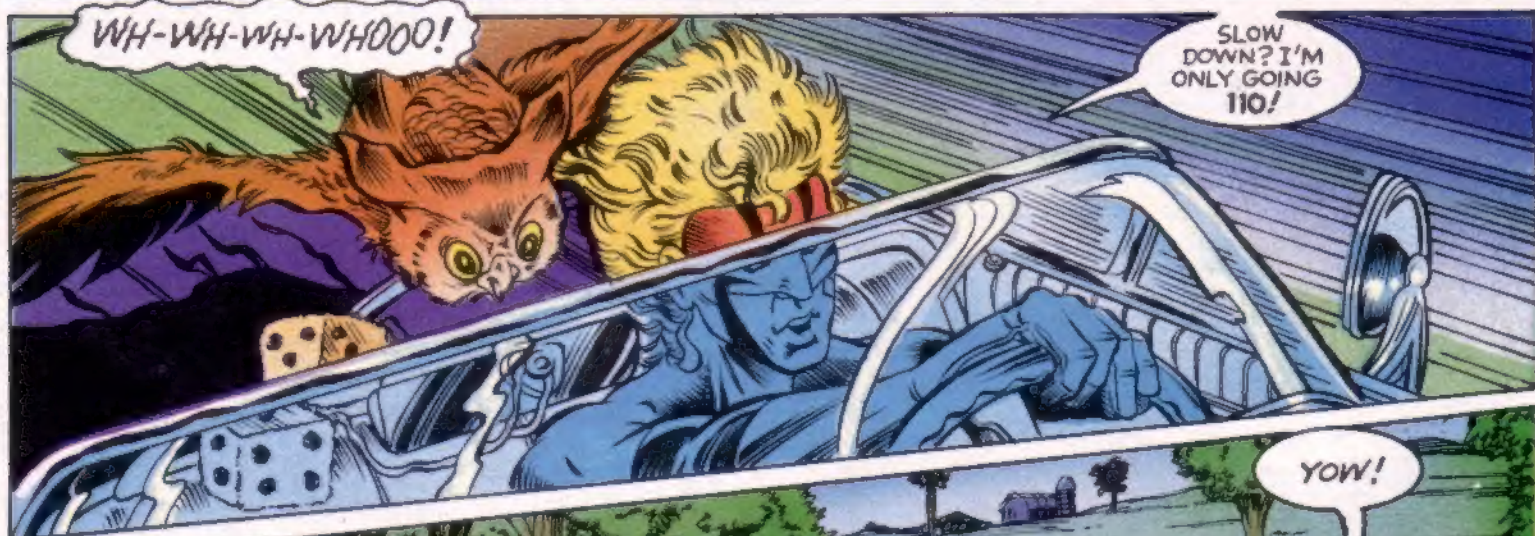
FOR HOURS, BADGER PURSUES THE CHISUM GANG, THREE BROTHERS FROM OKLAHOMA WHO HAVE STOLEN HAM'S PRIZE BULL, KING WILHELM IRVING KAMEHAMEHA. BADGER'S OWL, FUZZBUSTER, SERVES AS GUIDE TRACKING THE CHISUMS' MONSTER TRUCK THROUGH A LABYRINTH OF LITTLE USED STATE HIGHWAYS.

STEADY AS SHE GOES FUZZ! HOW FAR AHEAD OF US ARE THEY?



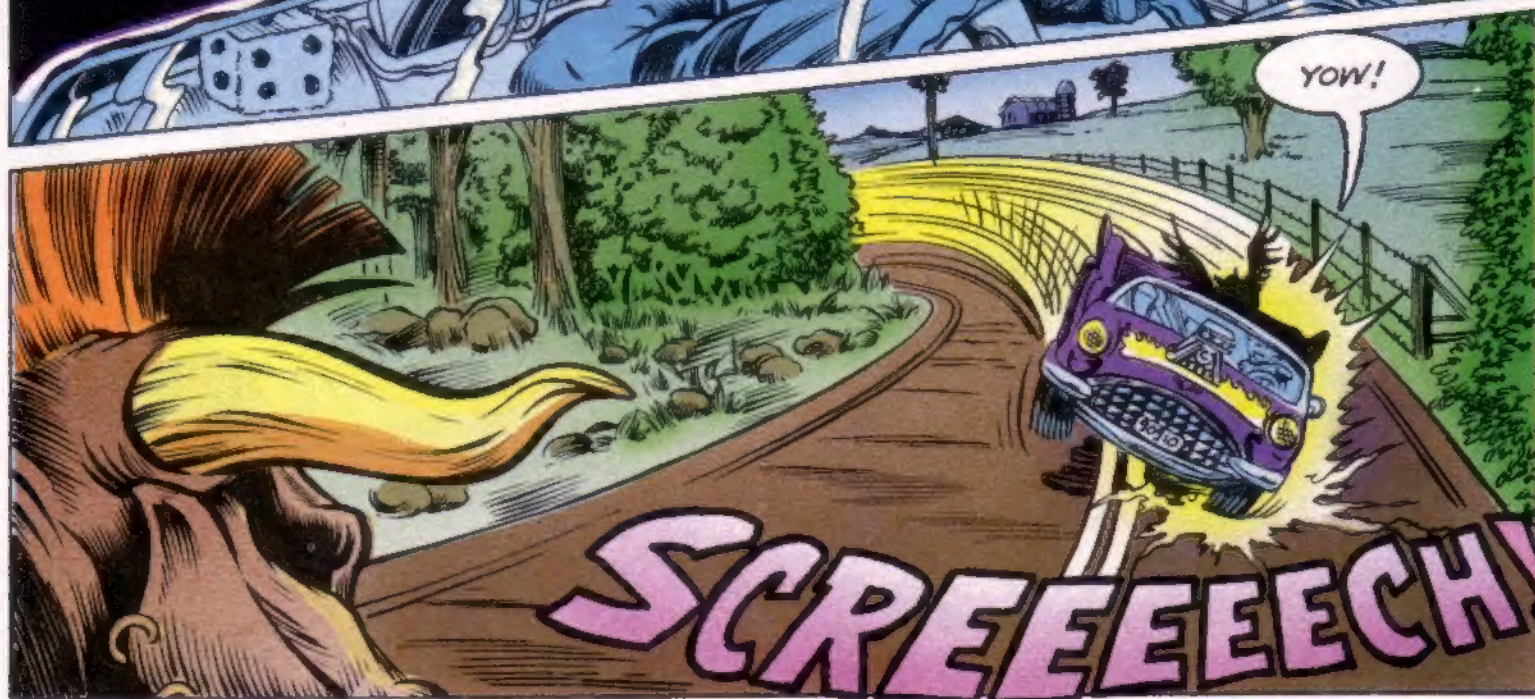
WHOOO!

YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WHO! THE CHISUMS, YOU FOOLISH FOWL!



WH-WH-WH-WHOOO!

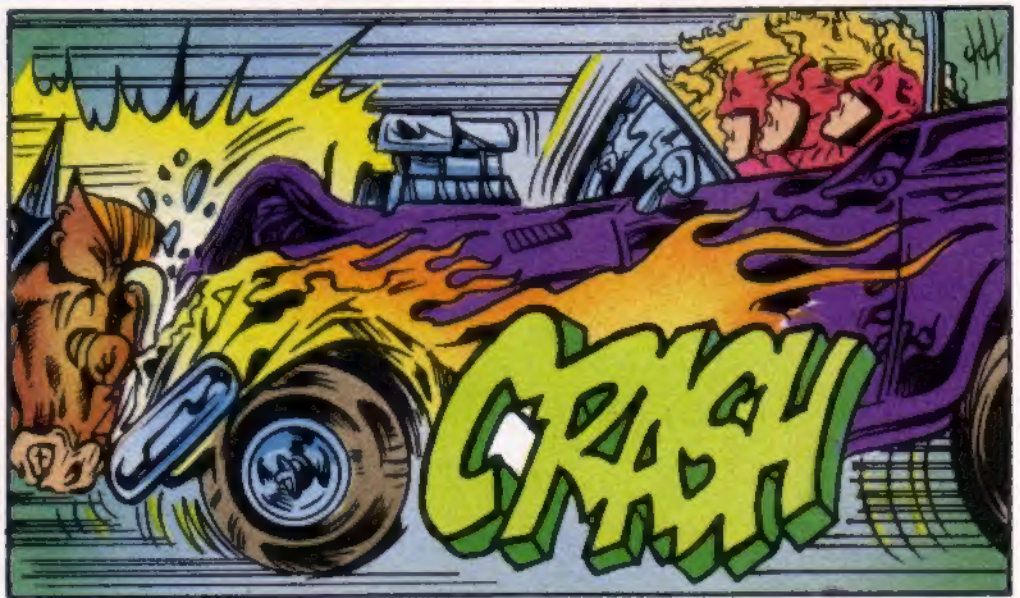
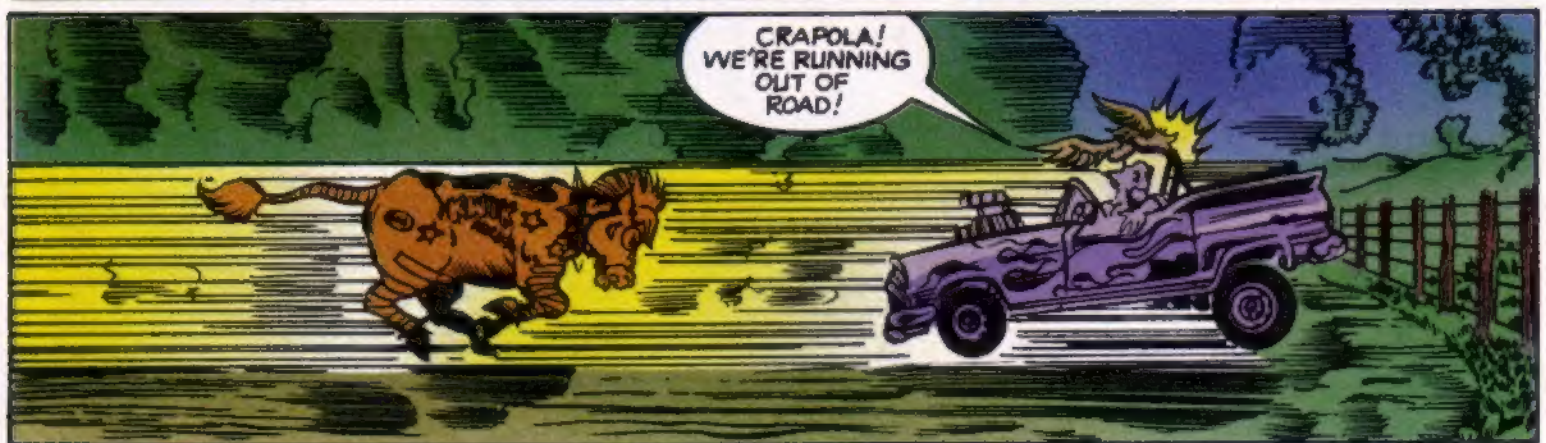
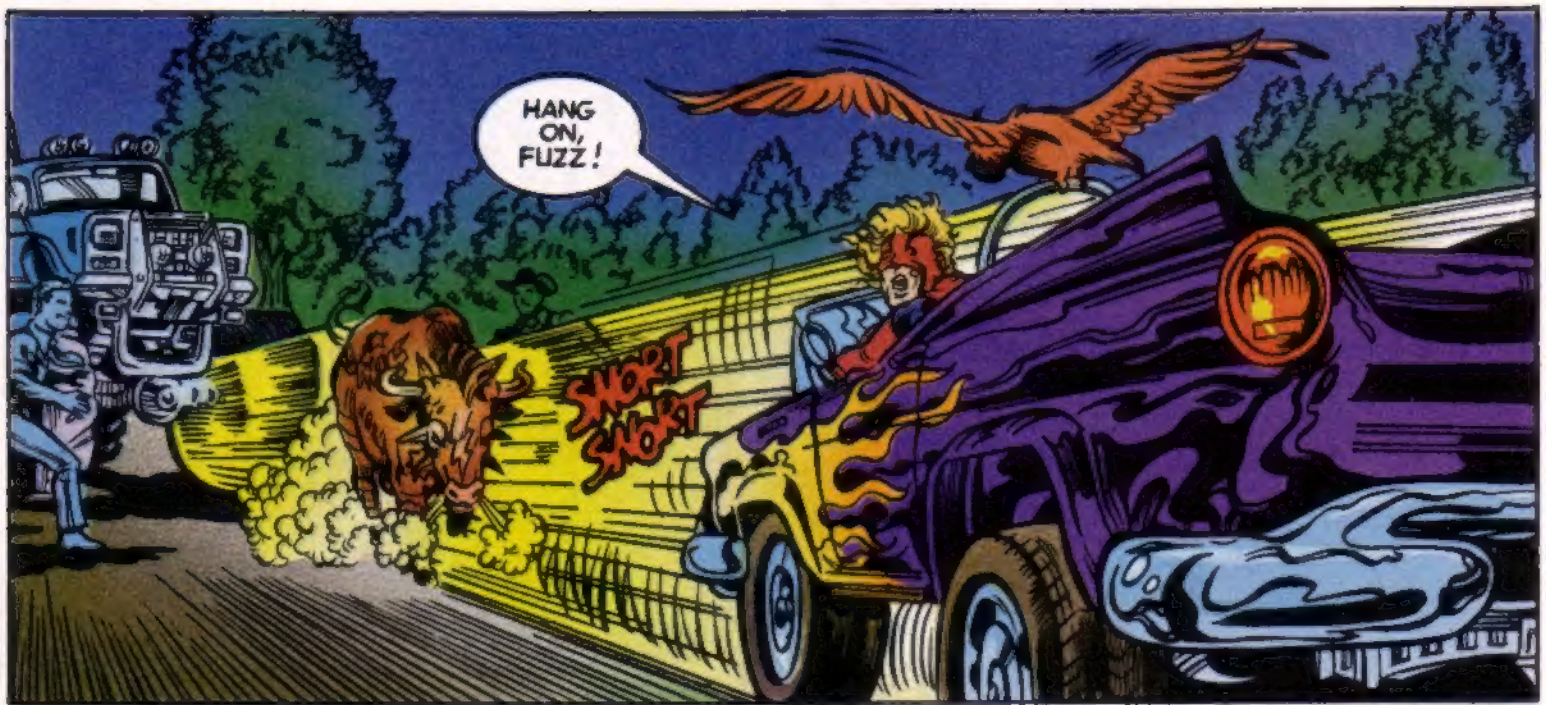
SLOW DOWN? I'M ONLY GOING 110!

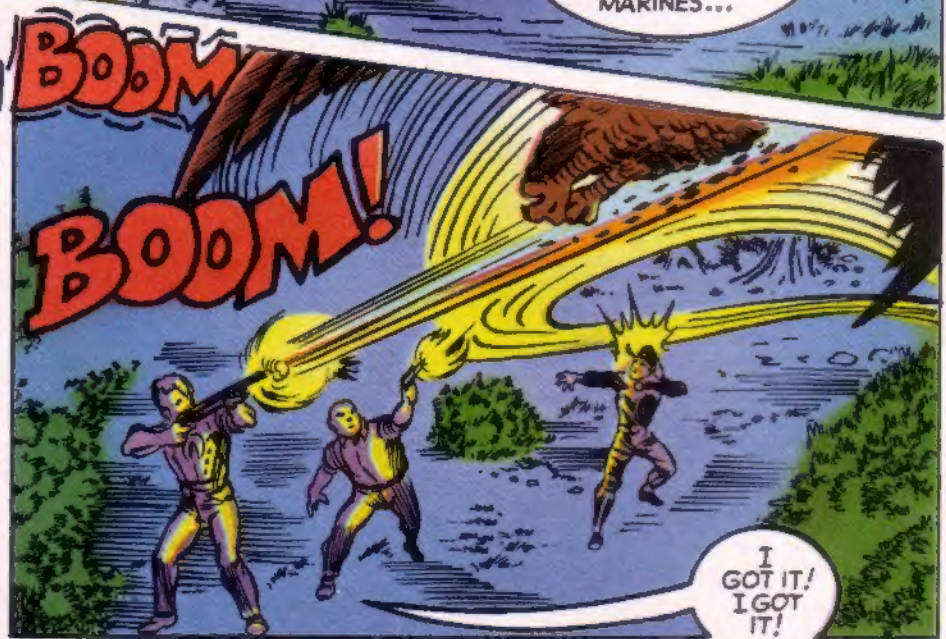
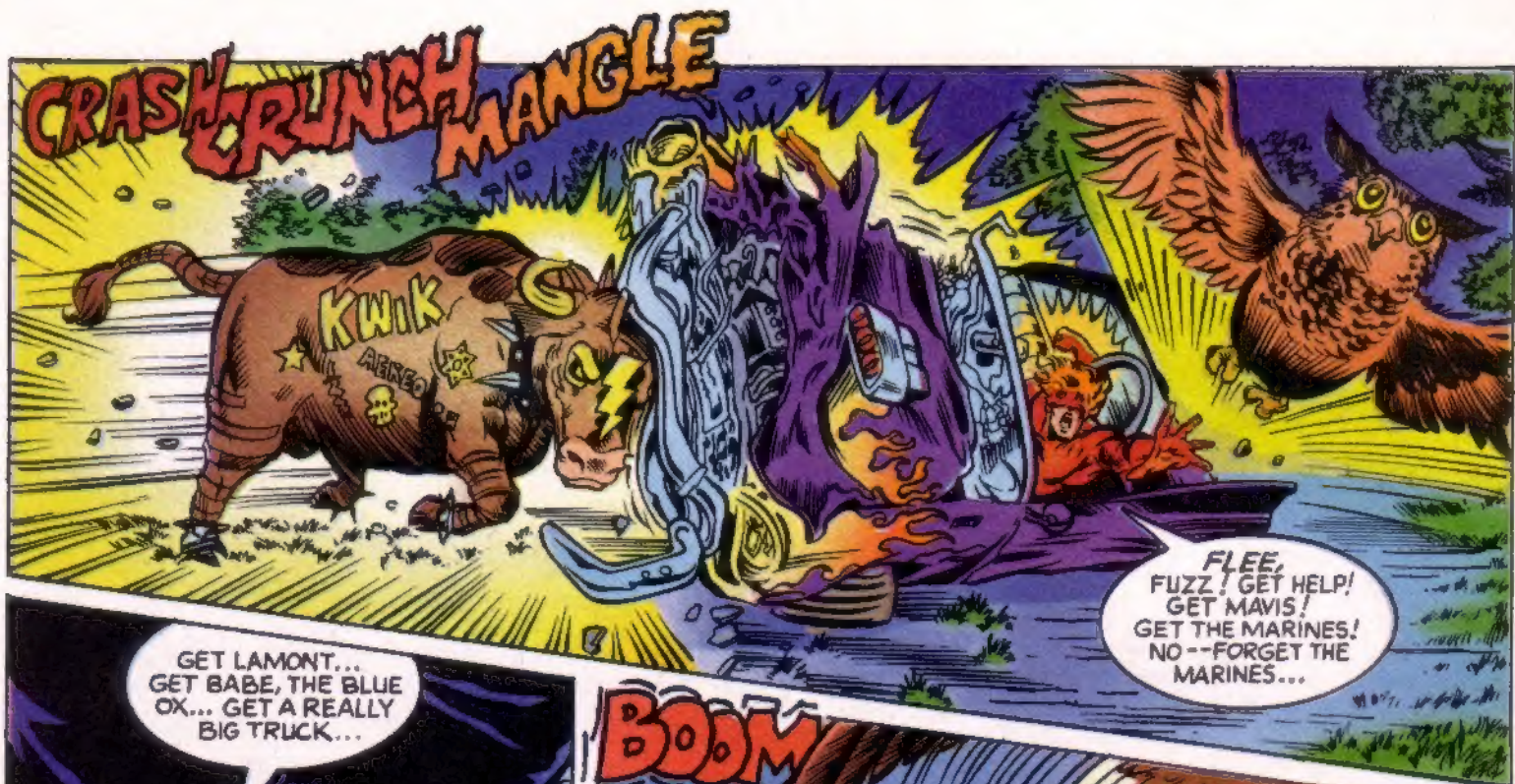


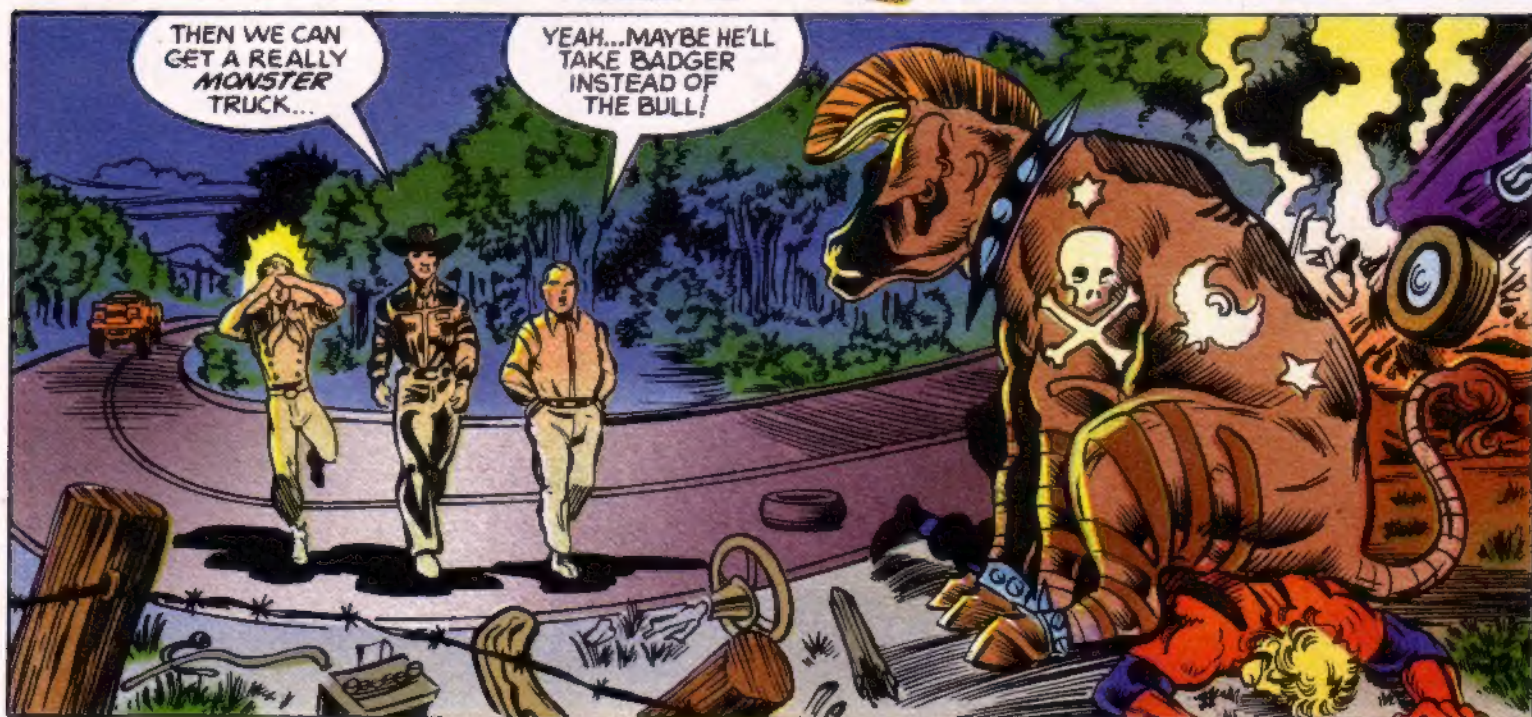
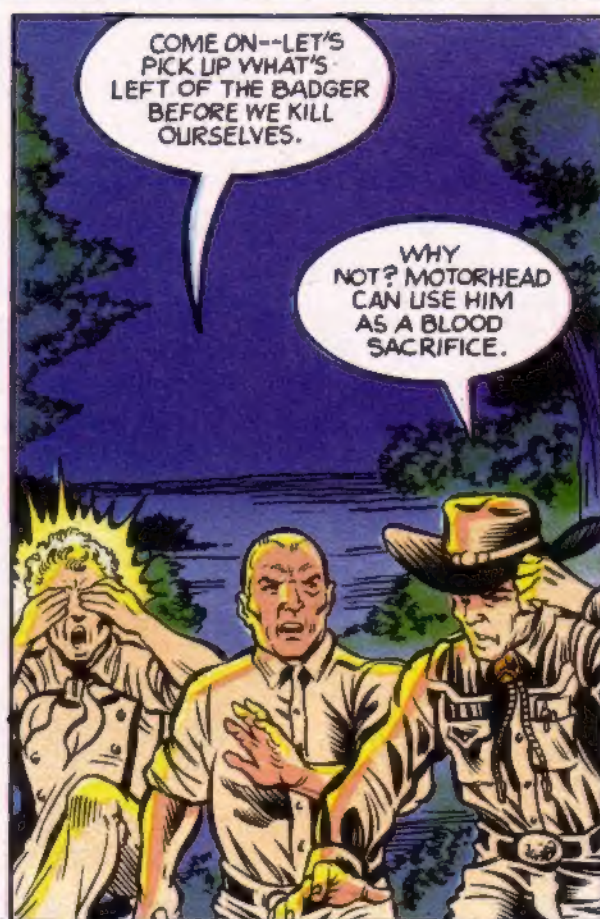
YOW!

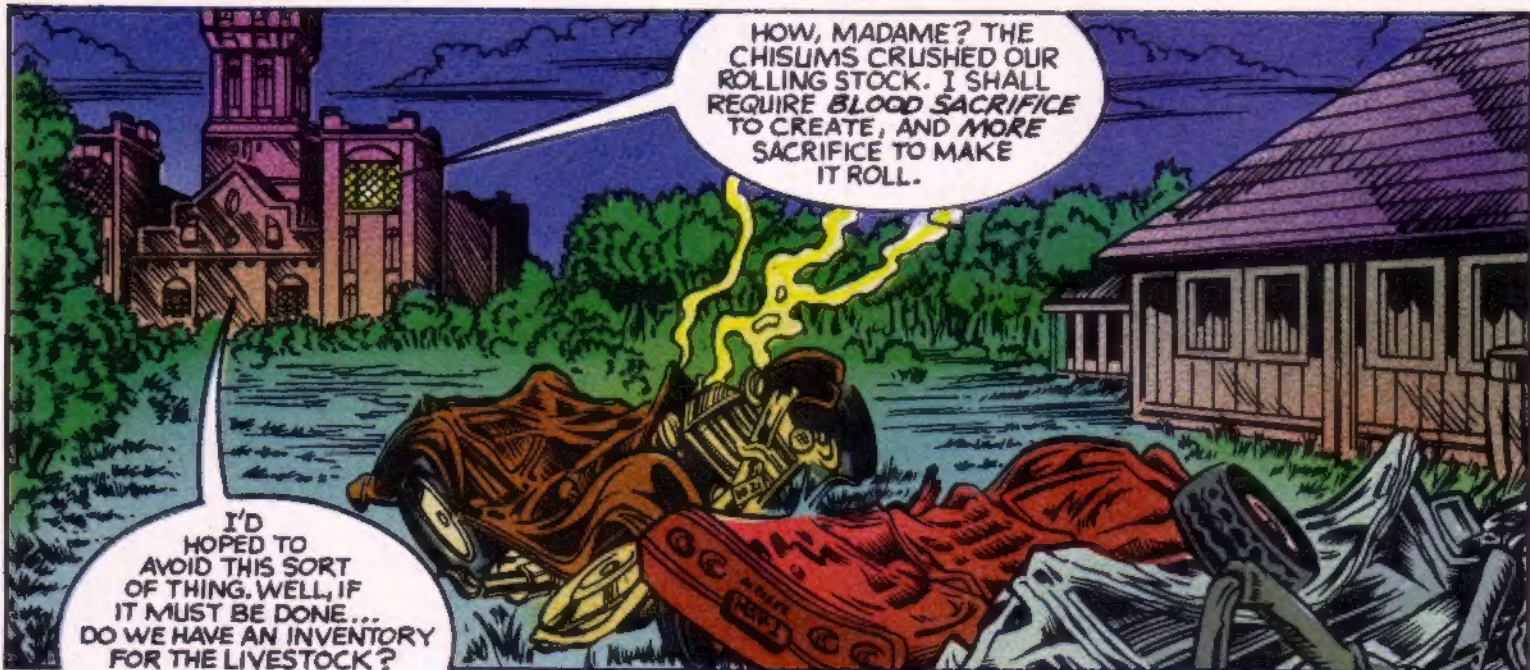
SCREEEEECH!













WHOO!

WHO? FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK...



STOP! THIS OWL IS OFF LIMITS! ALL ANIMALS ARE OFF LIMITS!

WHAT ABOUT SNAKES? ARE THEY OFF LIMITS, TOO?

YES!

FINE!



THEN THE BADGER WILL BE OFFERED UP TO SOME THIRD-RATE DEITY. I SUPPOSE I MUST PLACE AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR A NEW HANDYMAN IN ISTHMUS...



OR PERHAPS THE STATE JOURNAL--THEIR CIRCULATION IS SO MUCH GREATER, YOU KNOW...

WAIT!

PERHAPS I COULD PRODUCE SOME SUBSTITUTE...

WHAT SUBSTITUTE, MADAME, FOR WARM BEAST'S BLOOD?

A GALLON OF PRIME BULL SPERM?

Ah... PERHAPS WE CAN DO BUSINESS AFTER ALL...



BEFORE WE BEGIN, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW YOU SECRETED A GALLON OF THIS STUFF?

HONORABLE BULL WISHED TO BUILD EQUITY AT SPERM BANK.

I SEE. LIVESTOCK WITH A FINANCIAL PLAN... A BULL MARKET, NO DOUBT... PLEASE PLACE THE SACRIFICE IN THE URN...



WHO WILL YOU CONTACT?

I HAVE A LINE ON A BRAND NEW ANCIENT DEITY, ONE MORTIMER SCAULDANE, BURNED AT THE STAKE IN 1381.

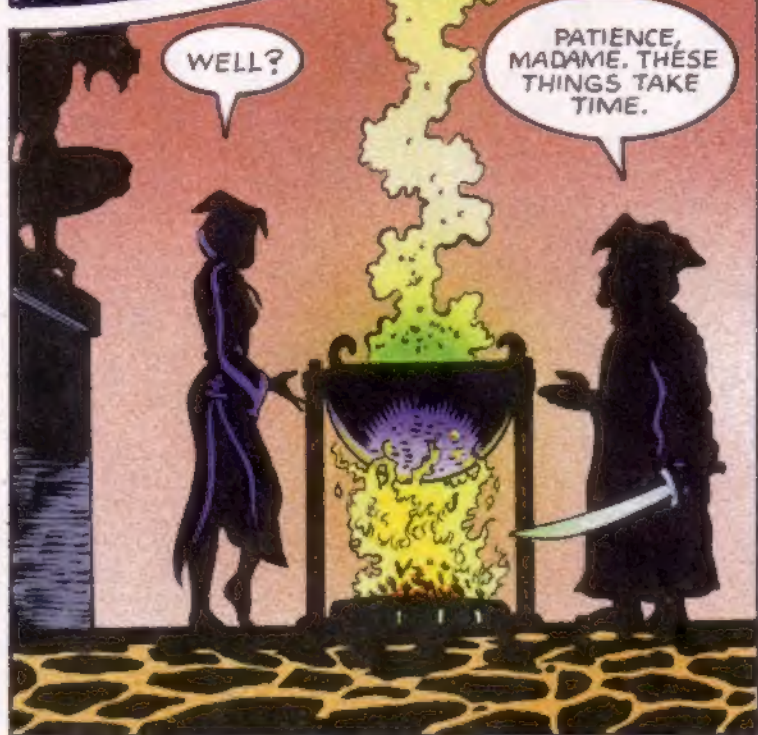
WOULD NOT A MORE MODERN DEITY BE APPROPRIATE?



PLEASE, MADAME. LEAVE THIS TO THE PROFESSIONALS. SCAULDANE ANTICIPATED MANY OF LEONARDO'S DESIGNS INCLUDING THE TANK, THE FLYING CORK-SCREW, AND THE PARACHUTE.



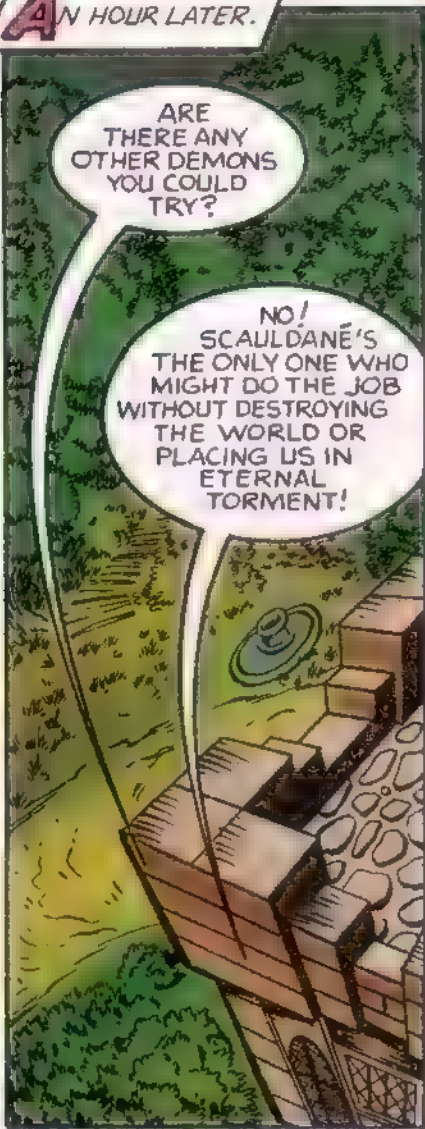
HEAR ME, MASTER SCAULDANE! HEAR MY HUMBLE PLEA-- ACCEPT THIS GIFT, AND TEAR A RIFT-- BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA!



WELL?

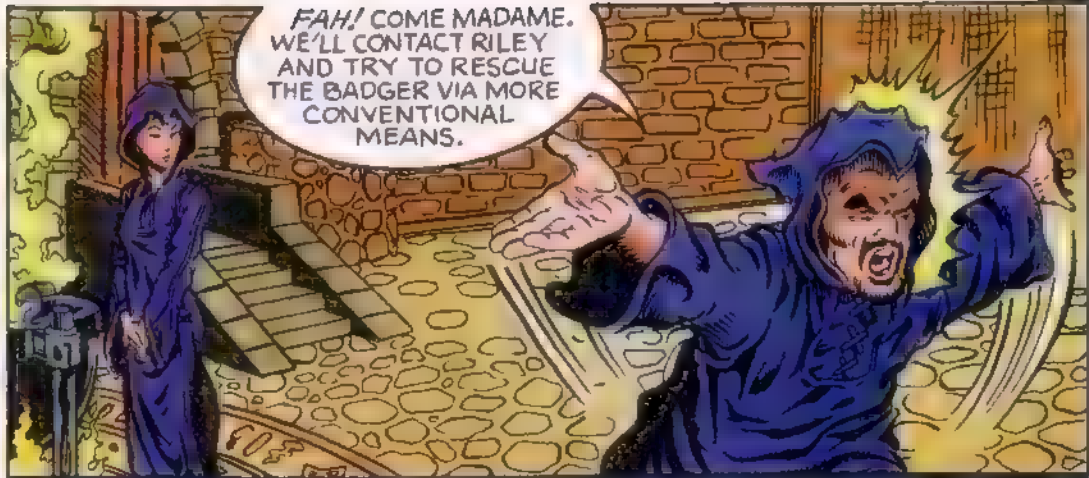
PATIENCE, MADAME. THESE THINGS TAKE TIME.

AN HOUR LATER.



ARE THERE ANY OTHER DEMONS YOU COULD TRY?

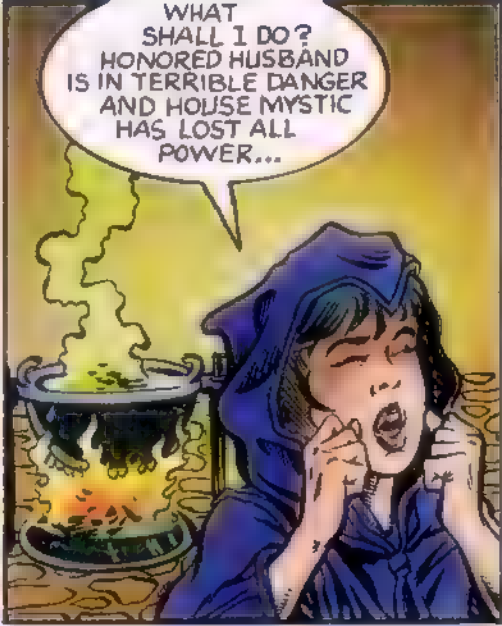
NO! SCAULDANÉ'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT DO THE JOB WITHOUT DESTROYING THE WORLD OR PLACING US IN ETERNAL TORMENT!



FAH! COME MADAME. WE'LL CONTACT RILEY AND TRY TO RESCUE THE BADGER VIA MORE CONVENTIONAL MEANS.



Oh DEAR...



WHAT SHALL I DO? HONORED HUSBAND IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER AND HOUSE MYSTIC HAS LOST ALL POWER...



PERHAPS I CHOOSE ANOTHER MEDIUM, MAVIS DAVIS SYKES, M.D...



HUMBLE WIFE IS SIMPLE BUDDHIST AND NO FOLLOWER OF SATANIC MUMBO JUMBO.

NOT SATAN, MADAME. THERE ARE MORE PHILOSOPHIES UNDER THE SUN THAN EVEN THE NATIONAL COALITION FOR TELEVISION VIOLENCE CAN IMAGINE...



COME NOW, MADAME-- THE MIXTURE LACKS BUT A DROP OF YOUR BLOOD.

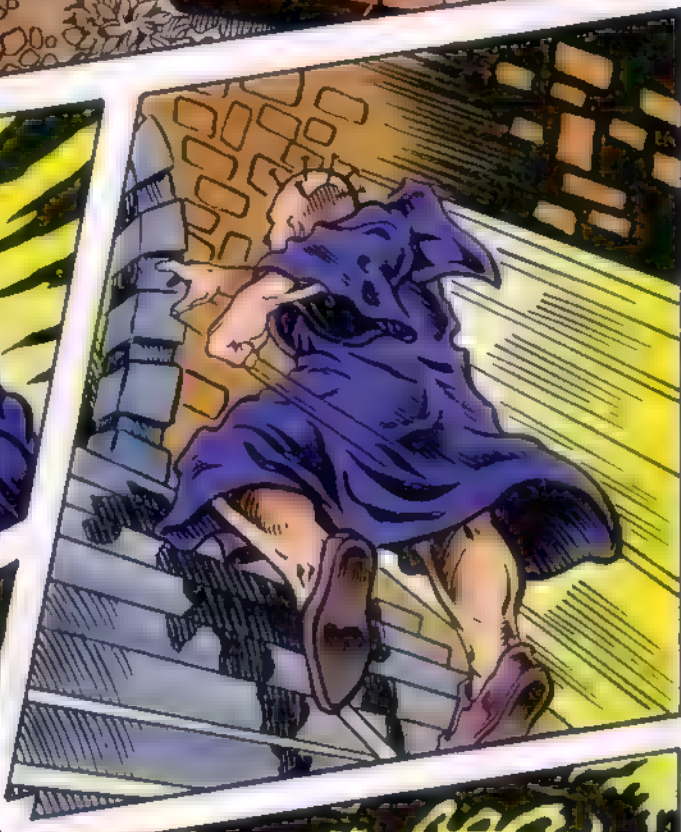
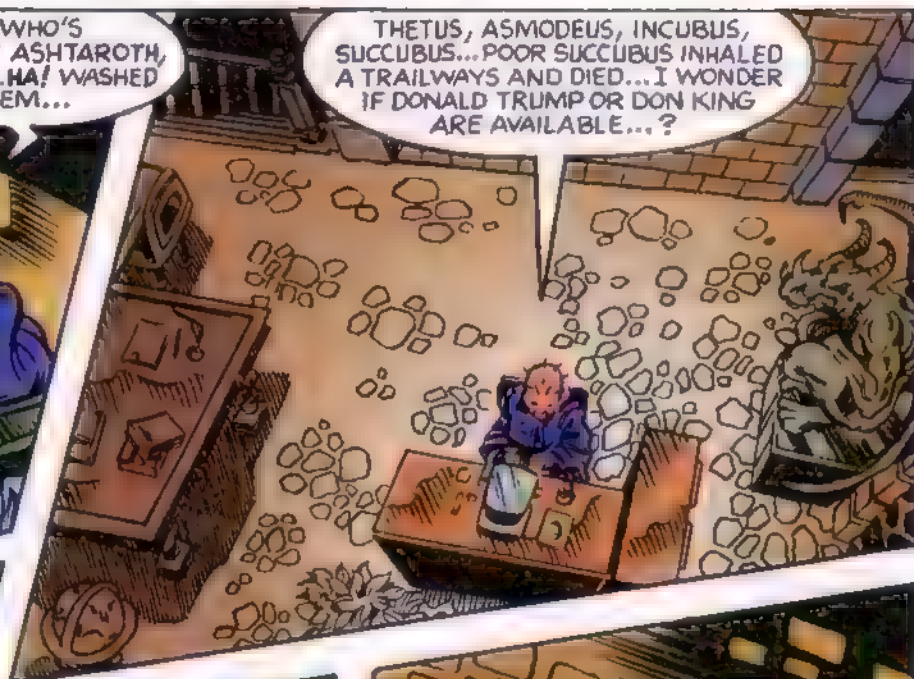
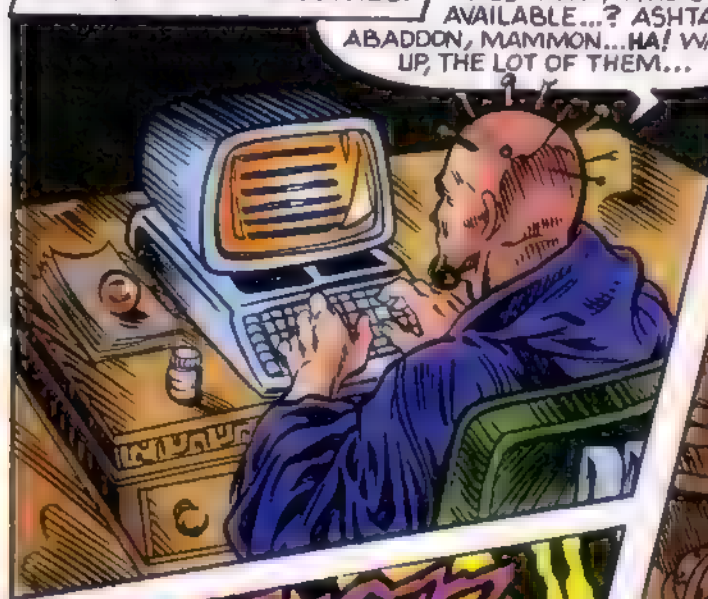
HUMBLE WIFE IS WILLING, BUT UNSURE HOW TO PROCEED. PERHAPS WE SHOULD CALL HAM...

NO! I WOULD RATHER DEAL WITH YOU...

ELSEWHERE, HAM CONSULTS HIS LIST OF MYSTIC DEITIES.

ALL RIGHT, WHO'S AVAILABLE...? ASHTAROTH, ABADDON, MAMMON...HA! WASHED UP, THE LOT OF THEM...

THETUS, ASMODEUS, INCUBUS, SUCCUBUS...POOR SUCCUBUS INHALED A TRAILWAYS AND DIED...I WONDER IF DONALD TRUMP OR DON KING ARE AVAILABLE...?

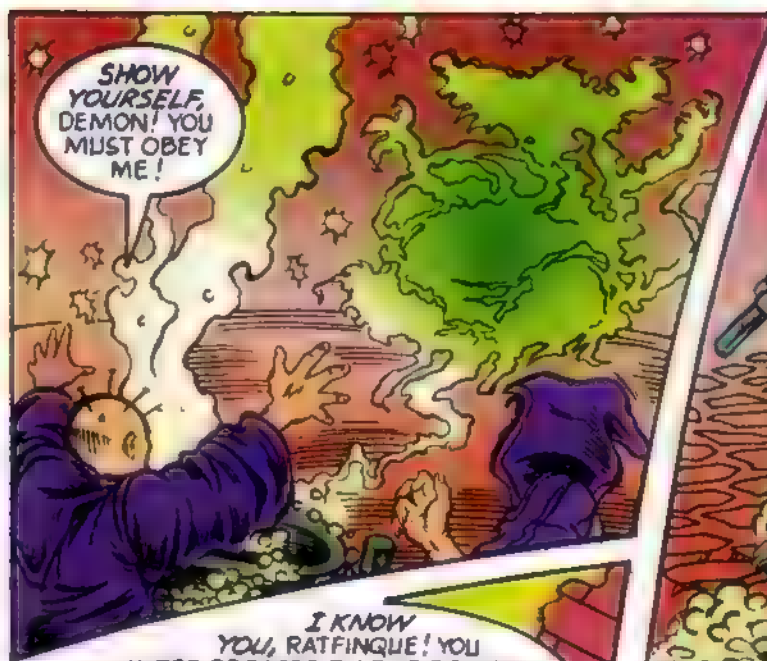


MADAME! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

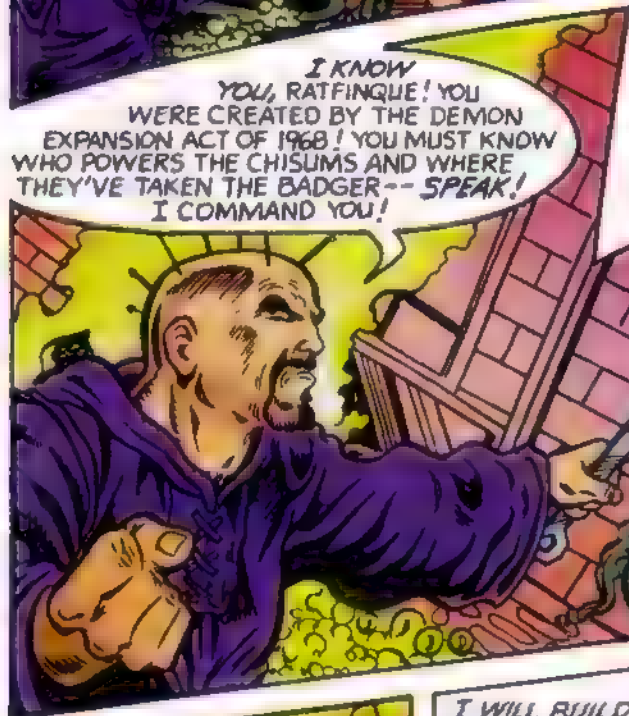
HUMBLE WIFE HAS CONTACTED POWERFUL FORCE FROM NETHERWORLD!

STAND ASIDE, MADAME. HE SEEKS TO TRICK YOU INTO LETTING HIM CROSS OVER!

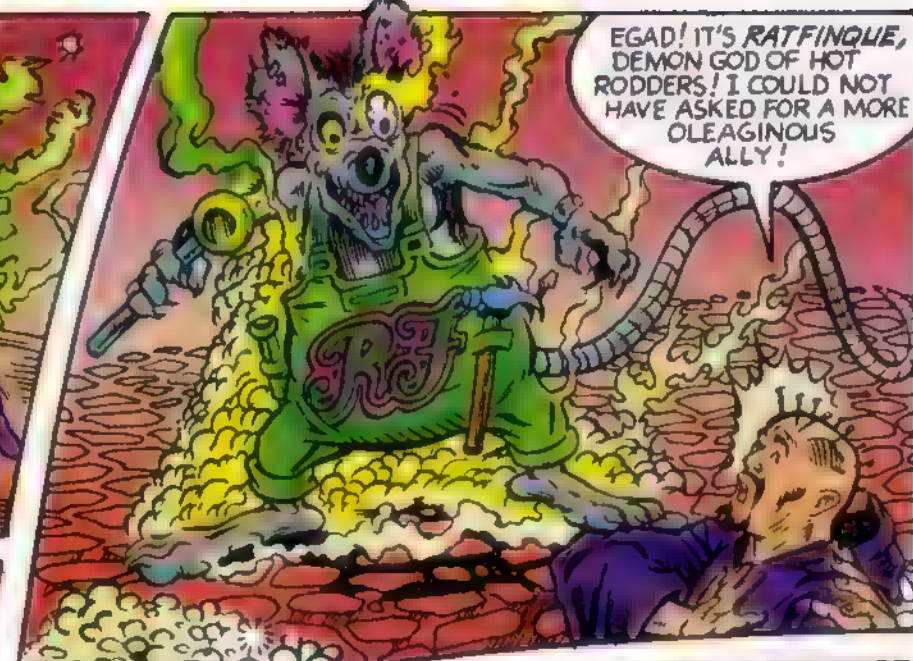




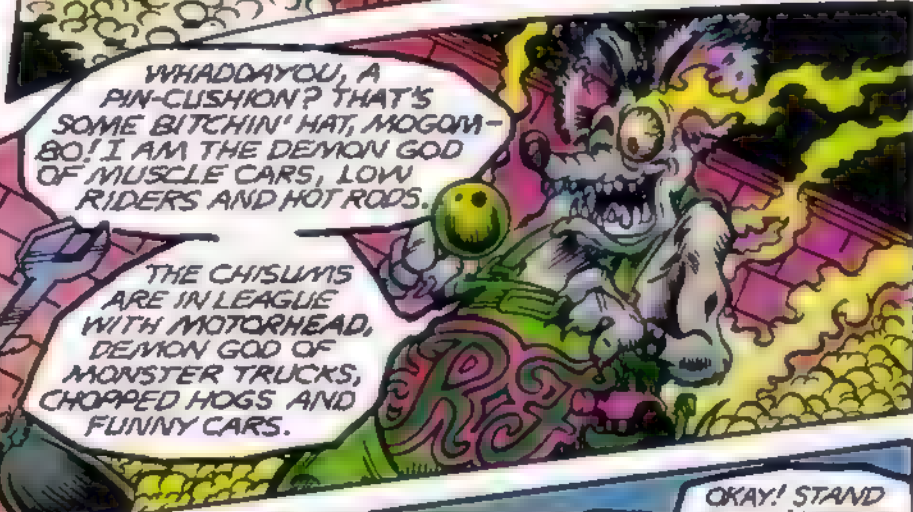
SHOW YOURSELF, DEMON! YOU MUST OBEY ME!



I KNOW YOU, RATFINQUE! YOU WERE CREATED BY THE DEMON EXPANSION ACT OF 1968! YOU MUST KNOW WHO POWERS THE CHISUMS AND WHERE THEY'VE TAKEN THE BADGER-- SPEAK! I COMMAND YOU!

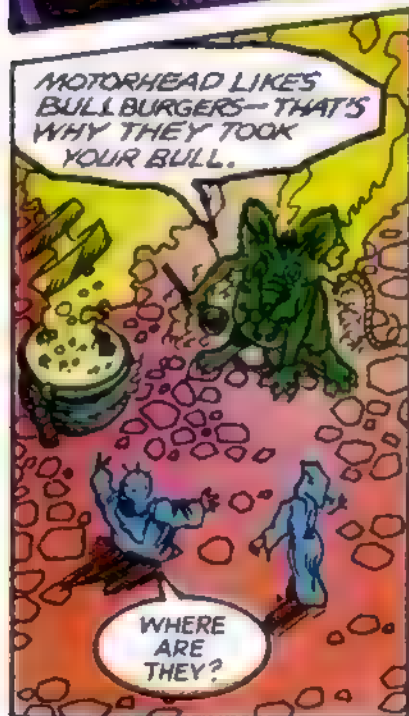


EGAD! IT'S RATFINQUE, DEMON GOD OF HOT RODDERS! I COULD NOT HAVE ASKED FOR A MORE OLEAGINOUS ALLY!



WHADDAYOU, A PIN-CUSHION? THAT'S SOME BITCHIN' HAT, MOGOM-BO! I AM THE DEMON GOD OF MUSCLE CARS, LOW RIDERS AND HOT RODS.

THE CHISUMS ARE IN LEAGUE WITH MOTORHEAD, DEMON GOD OF MONSTER TRUCKS, CHOPPED HOGS AND FUNNY CARS.



MOTORHEAD LIKES BULL BURGERS-- THAT'S WHY THEY TOOK YOUR BULL.

WHERE ARE THEY?

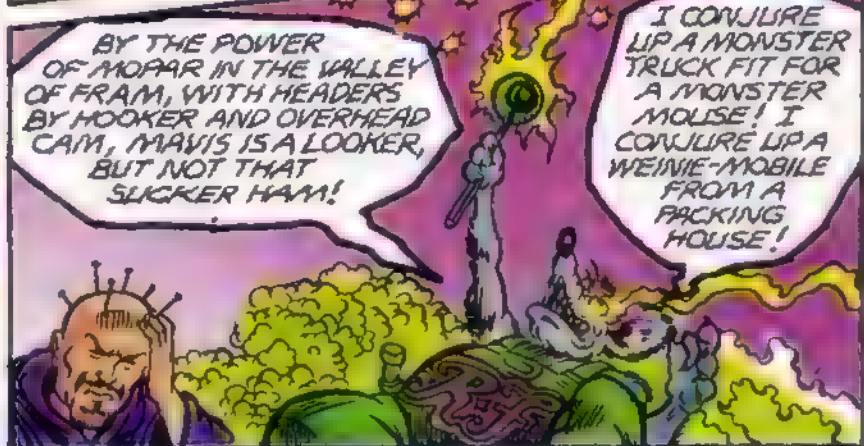


I WILL BUILD YOU A BITCHIN' ROD AND YOUR BIRD SHALL GUIDE YOU TO THEM.



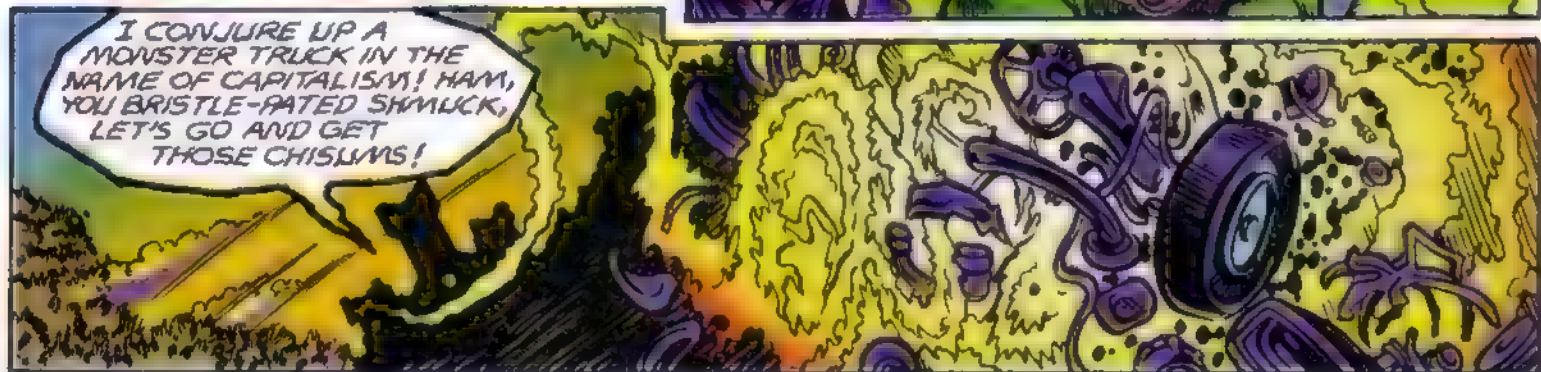
YOICKS! WHAT A MESS! MOTORHEAD USES THOSE CHEAP BRIDGESTONE TIRES.

OKAY! STAND BACK! WATCH OUT FOR FLYING DEBRIS!

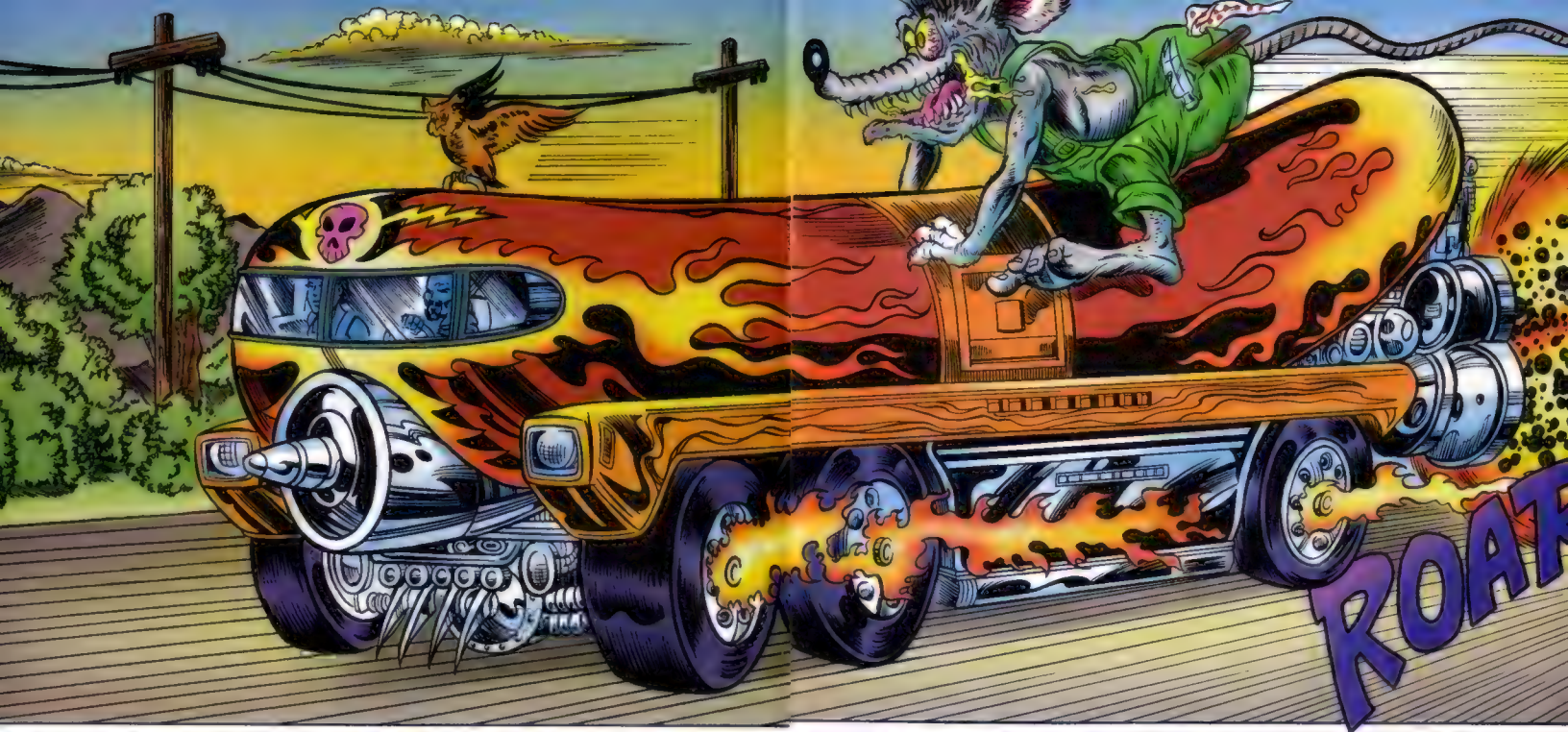


BY THE POWER OF MOPAR IN THE VALLEY OF FRAM, WITH HEADERS BY HOOKER AND OVERHEAD CAM, MAVIS IS A LOOKER, BUT NOT THAT SLICKER HAM!

I CONJURE UP A MONSTER TRUCK FIT FOR A MONSTER MOUSE! I CONJURE UP A WEINIE-MOBILE FROM A PACKING HOUSE!

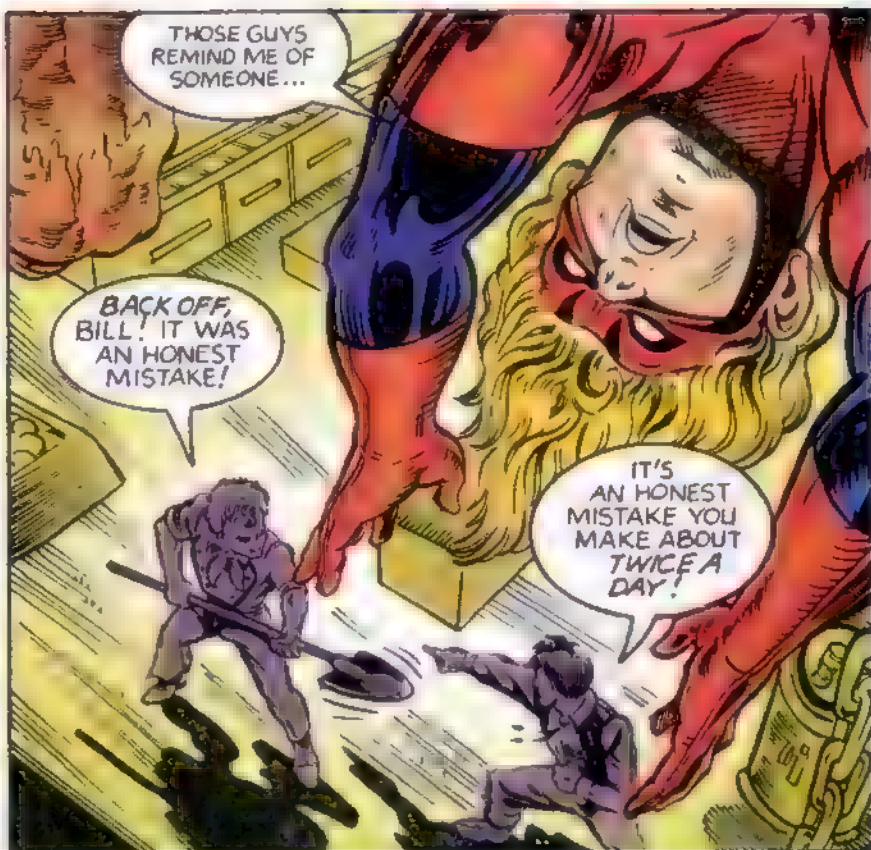


I CONJURE UP A MONSTER TRUCK IN THE NAME OF CAPITALISM! HAM, YOU BRISTLE-RATED SHMUCK, LET'S GO AND GET THOSE CHISUMS!





WHY YOU NUMBSKULL! I OUGHTA...



THOSE GUYS REMIND ME OF SOMEONE...

BACK OFF, BILL! IT WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE!

IT'S AN HONEST MISTAKE YOU MAKE ABOUT TWICE A DAY!



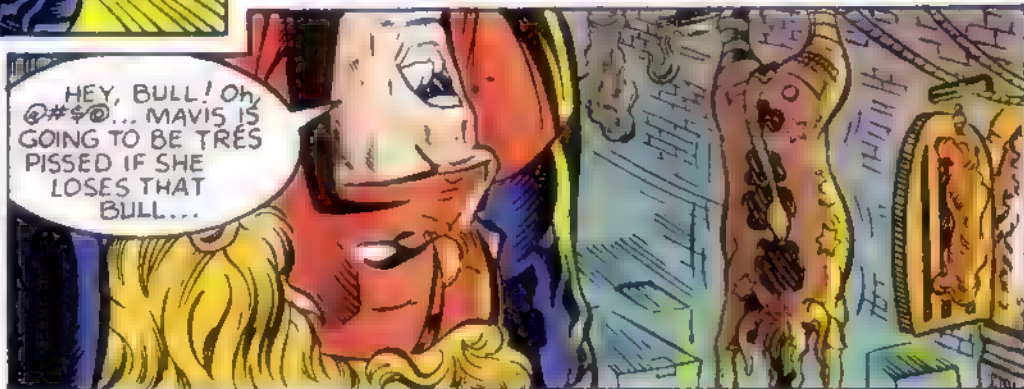
GIVE YOU A PAPER CUT WITH MY PAPER KUNG FU!



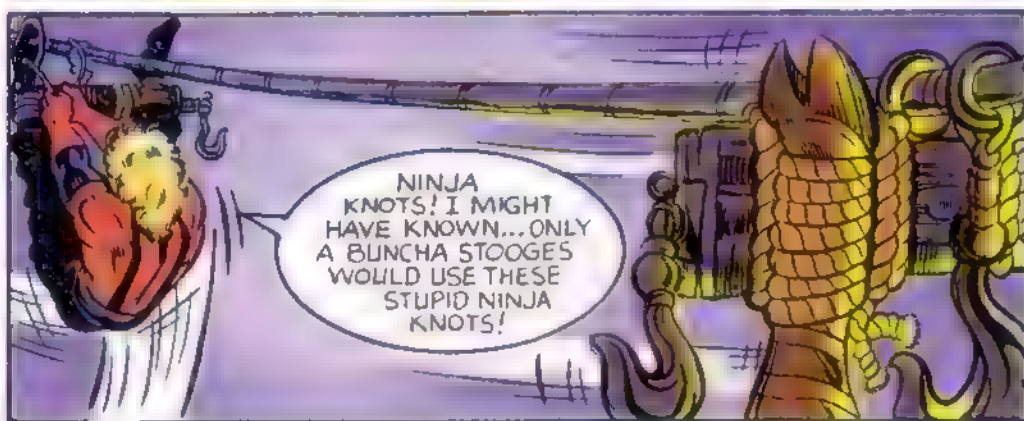
MY SCISSORS TECHNIQUE WILL CUT YOU IN TWO!



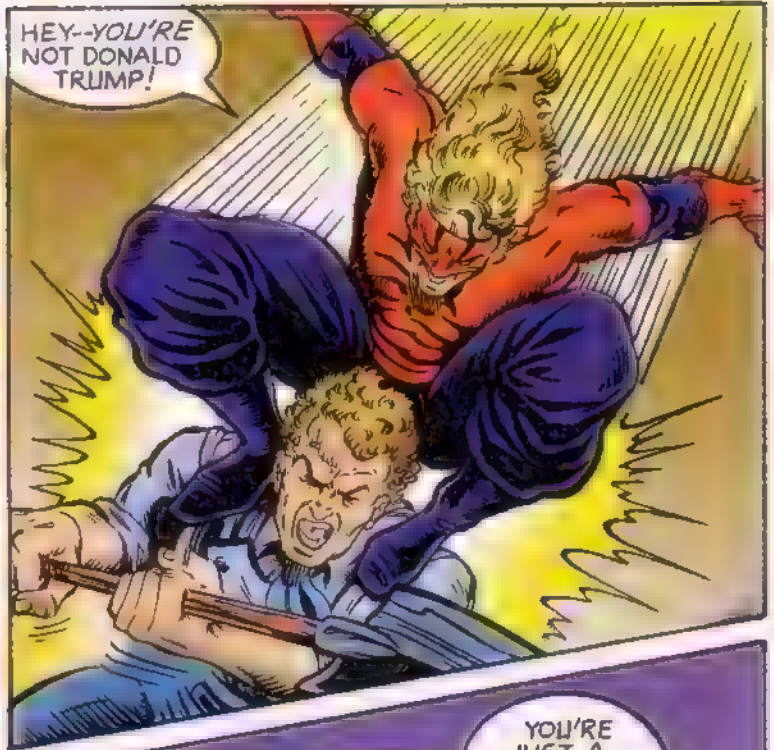
HEY, FELLAS! MOTORHEAD'S GETTIN' HUNGRY! I'M GOING TO FEED HIM HIS DINNER.

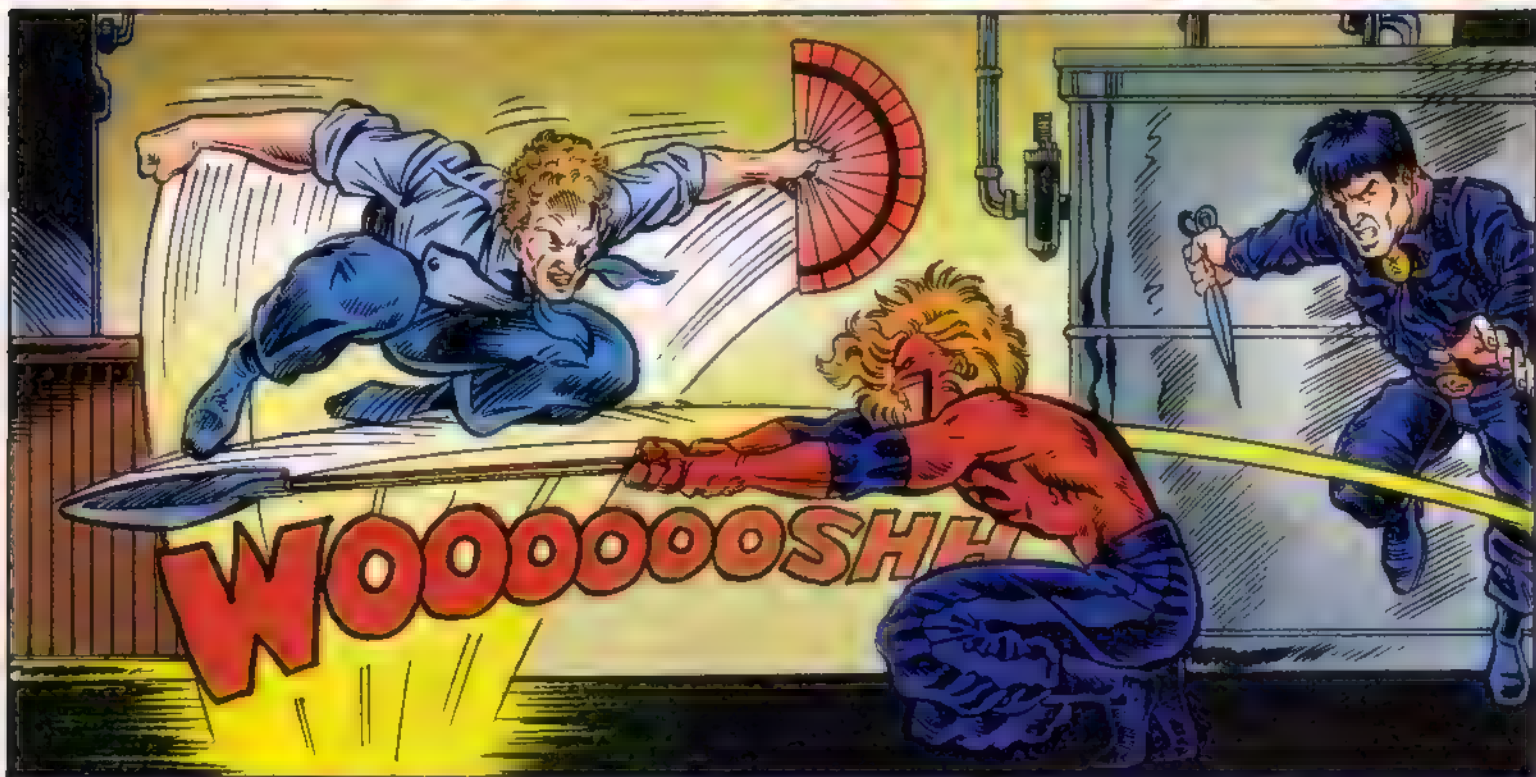
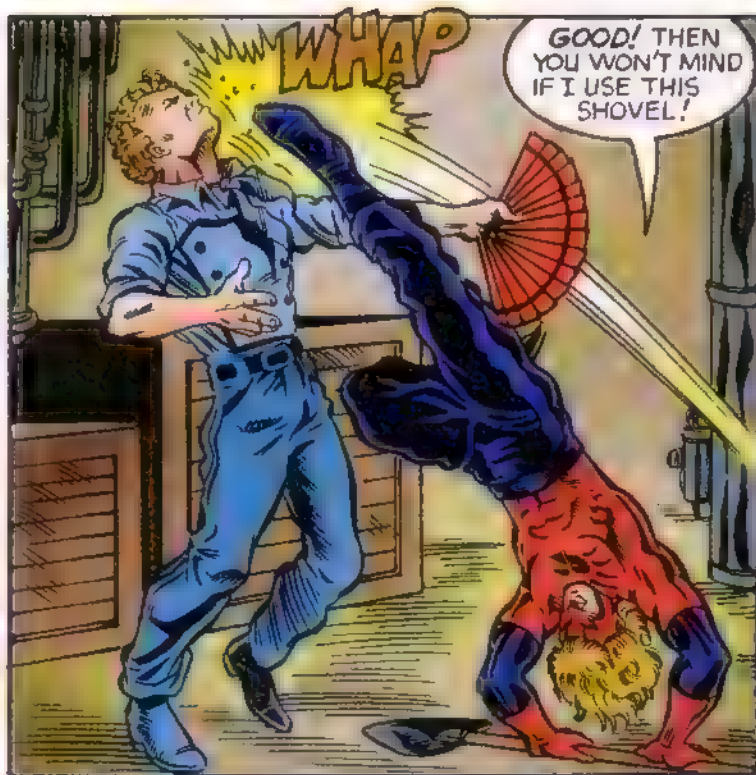
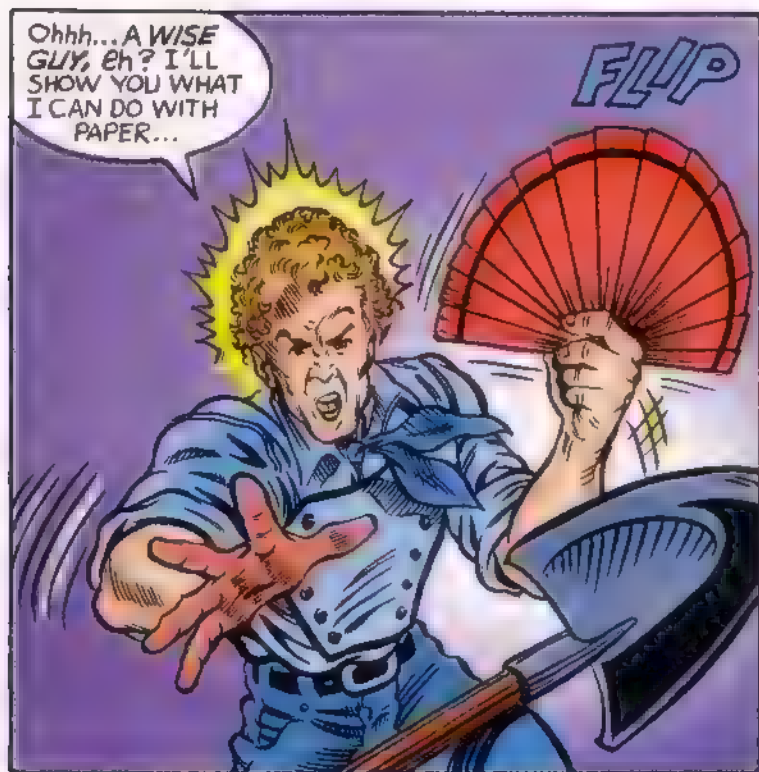


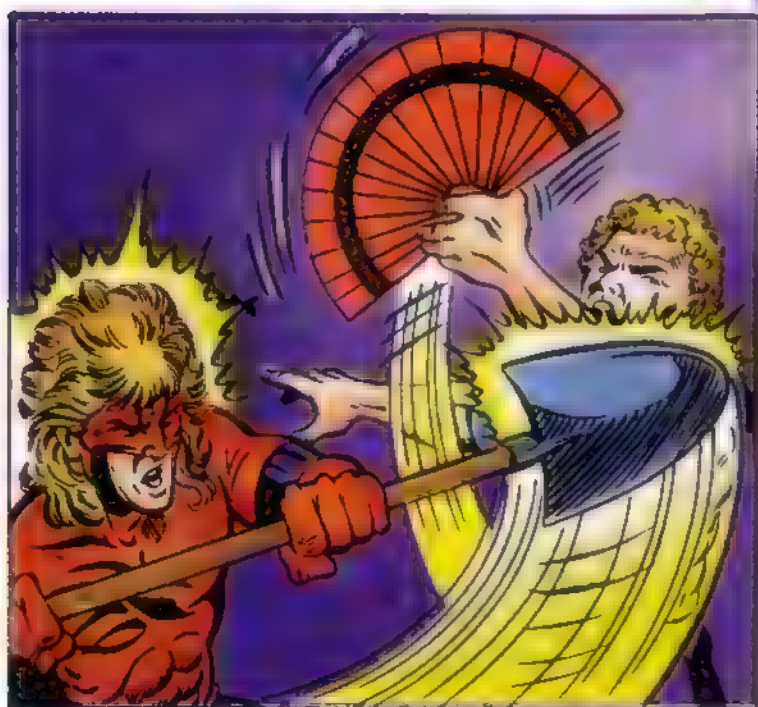
HEY, BULL! Oh @#%... MAVIS IS GOING TO BE TRES PISSED IF SHE LOSES THAT BULL...

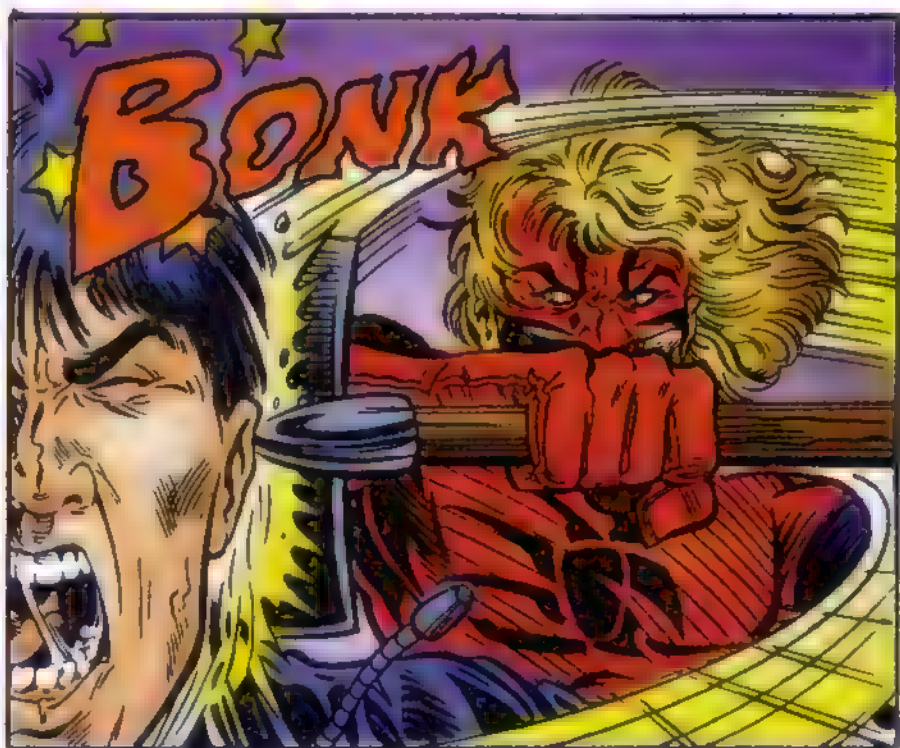
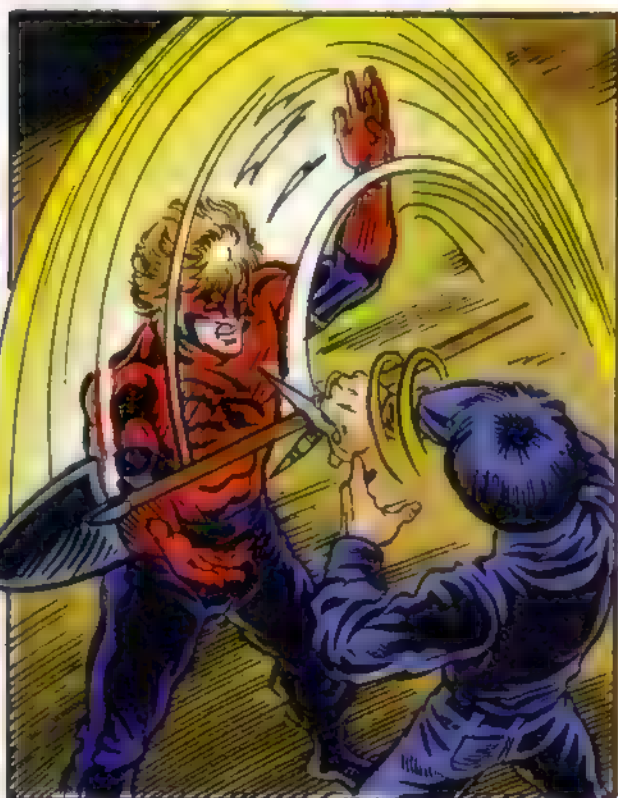
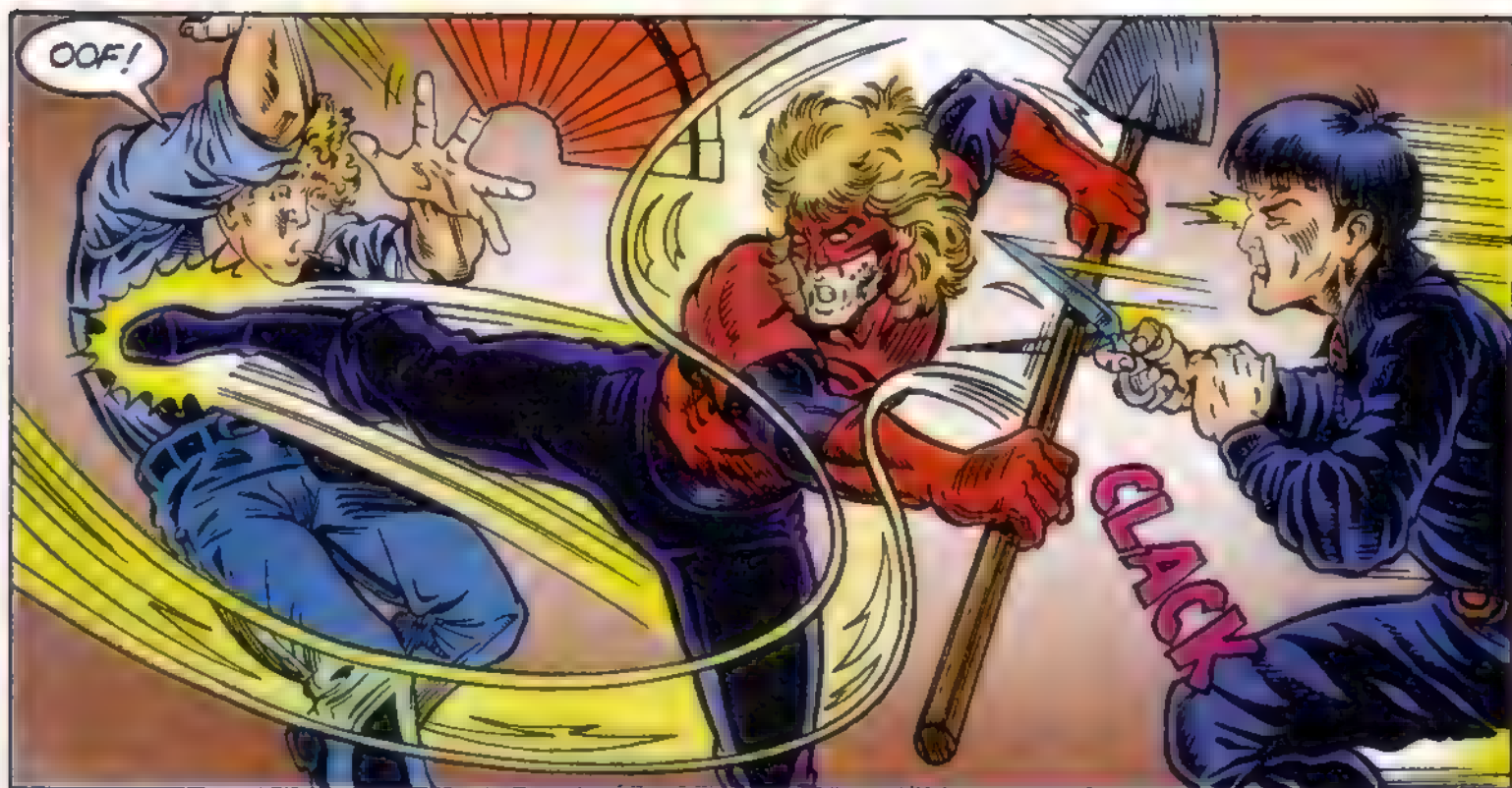


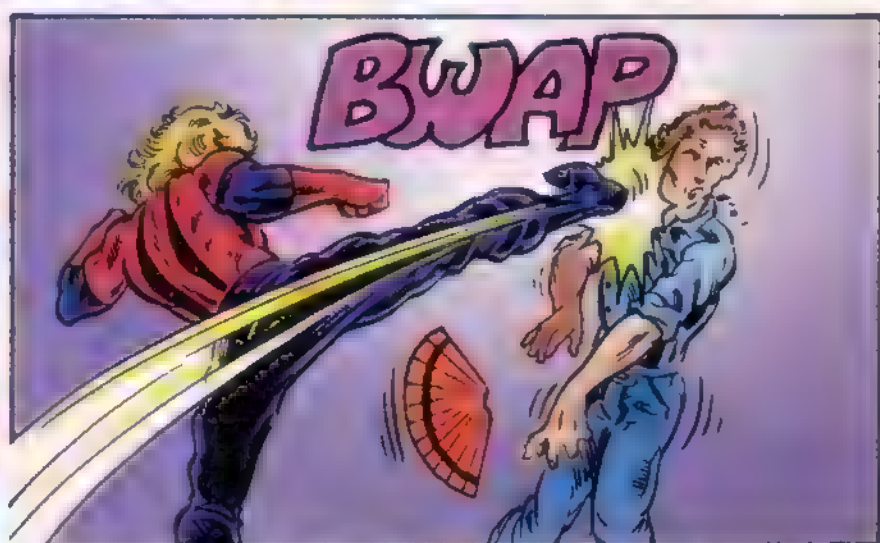
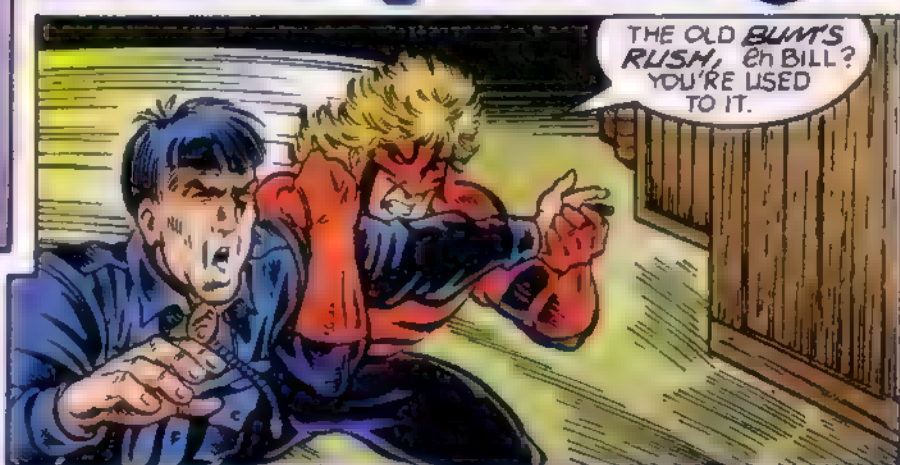
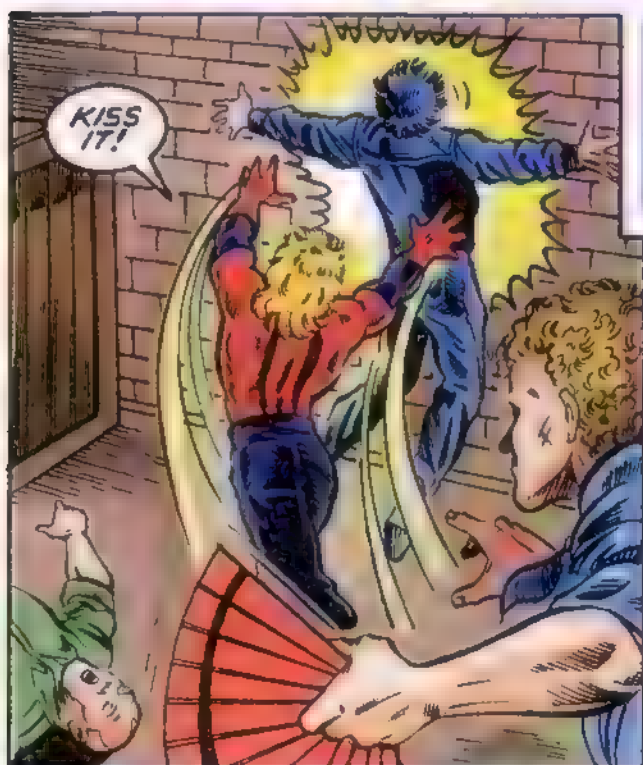
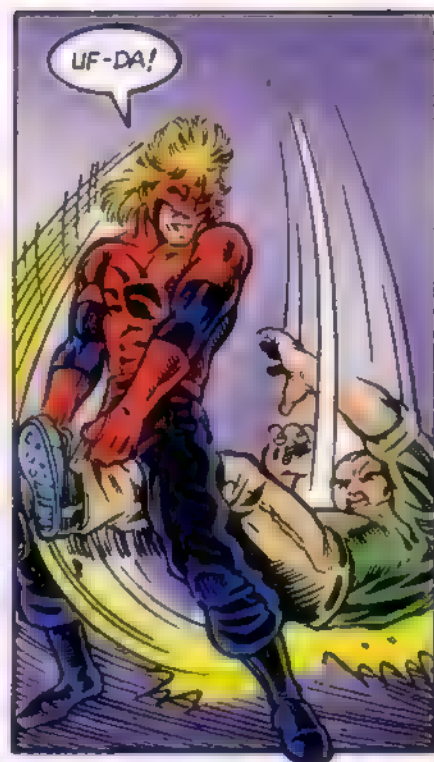
NINJA KNOTS! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN... ONLY A BUNCHA STOOGES WOULD USE THESE STUPID NINJA KNOTS!

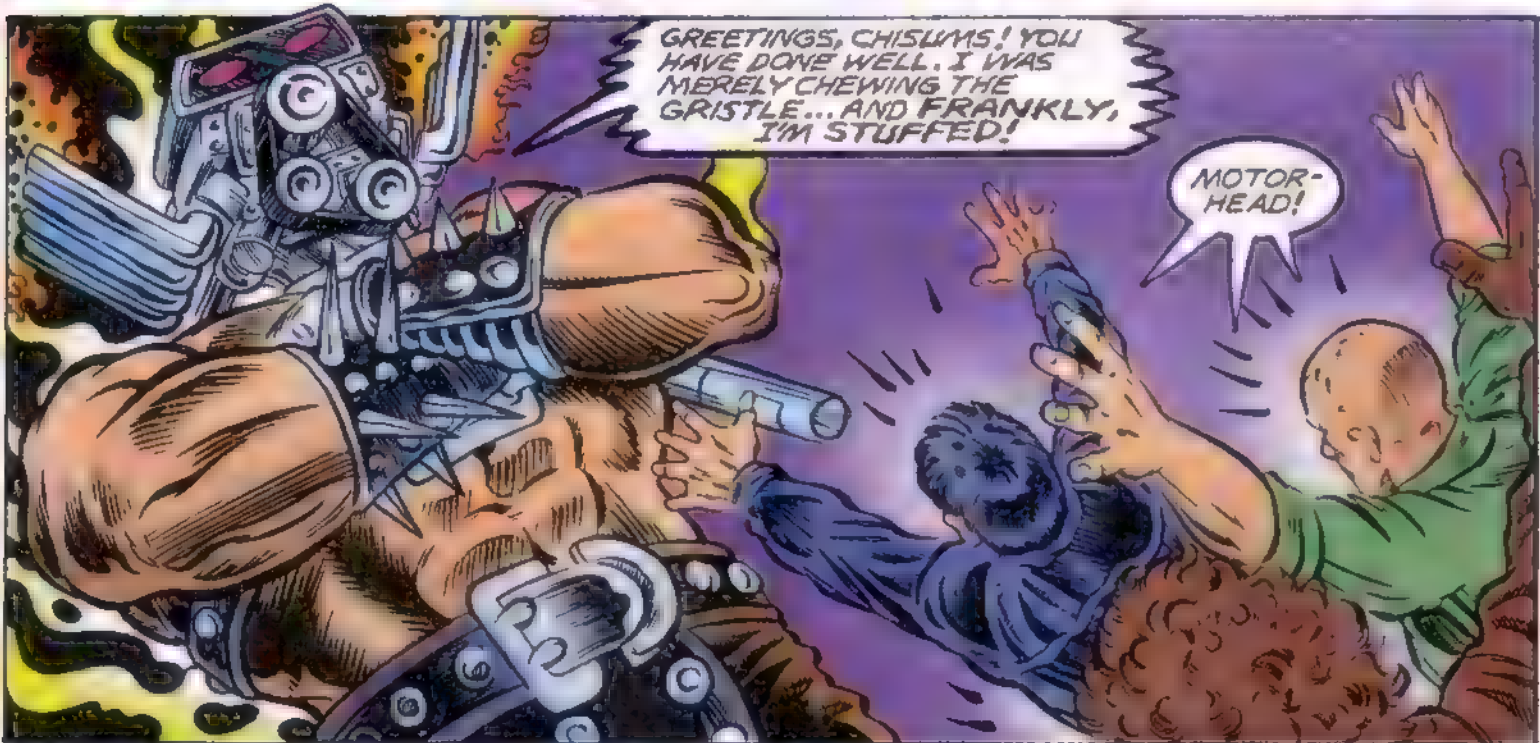
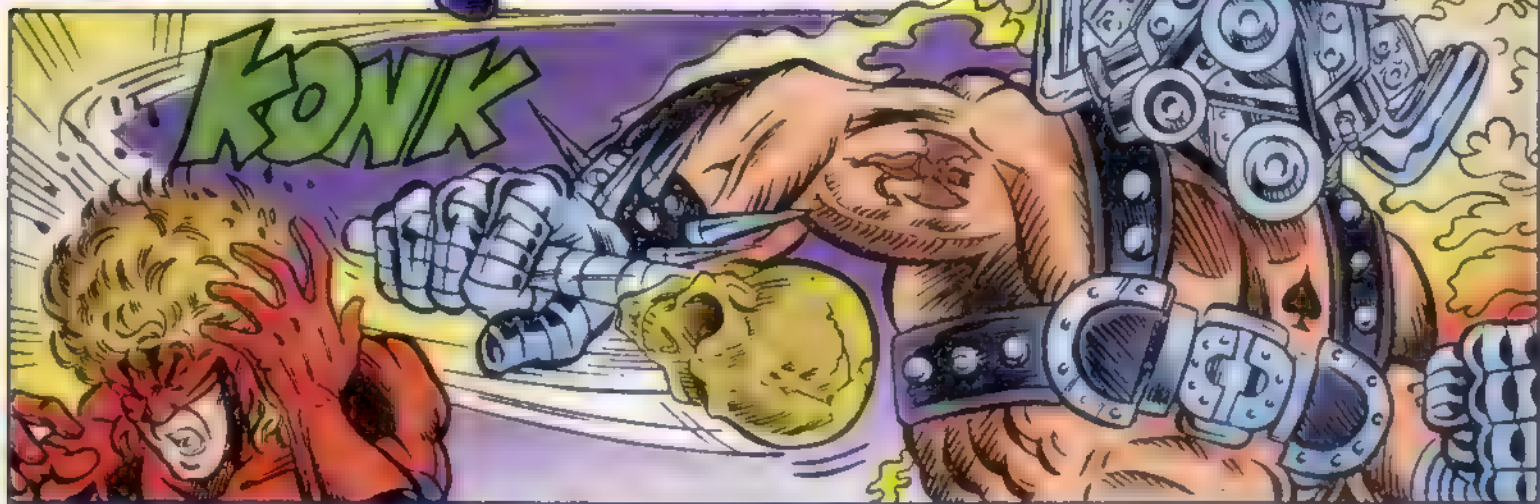
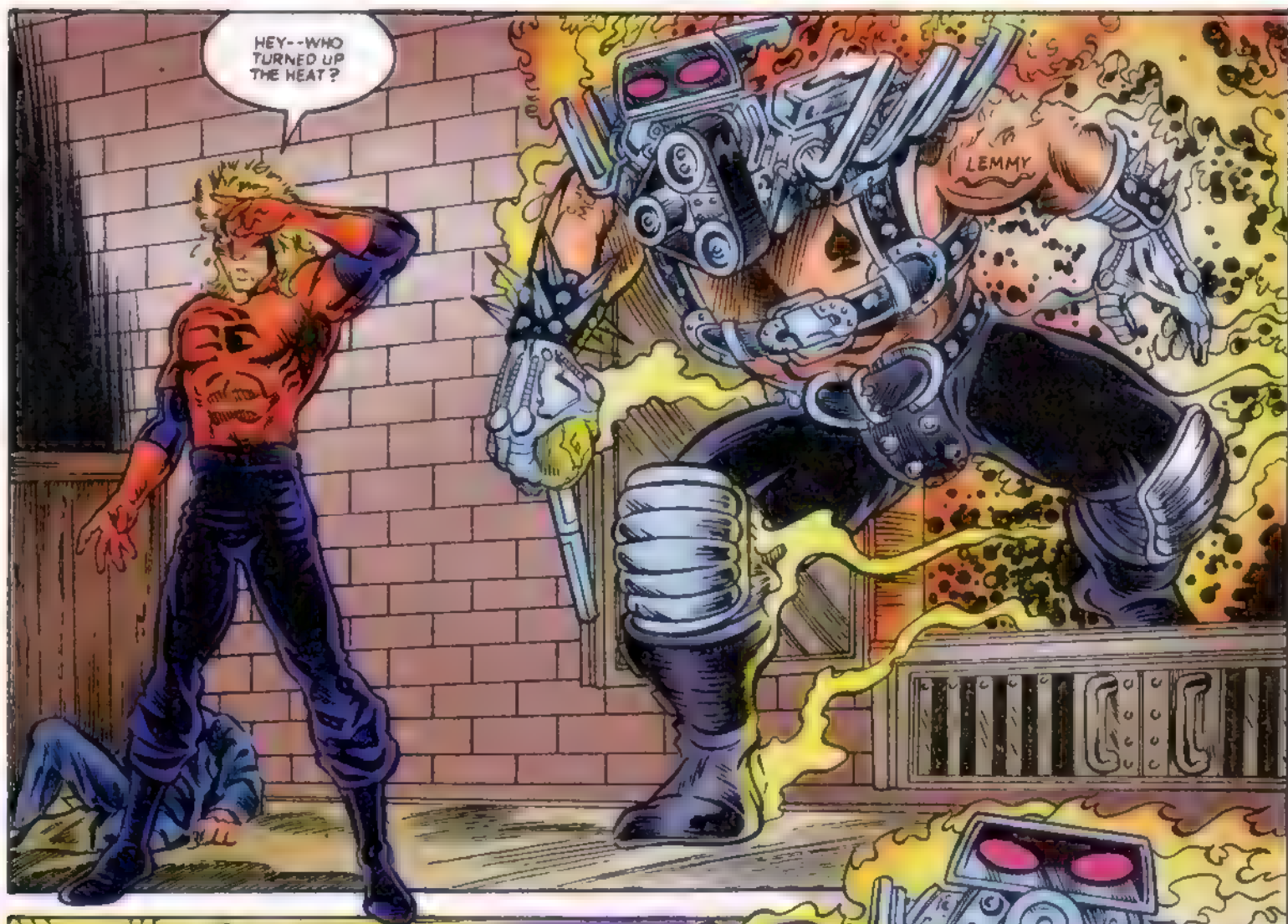


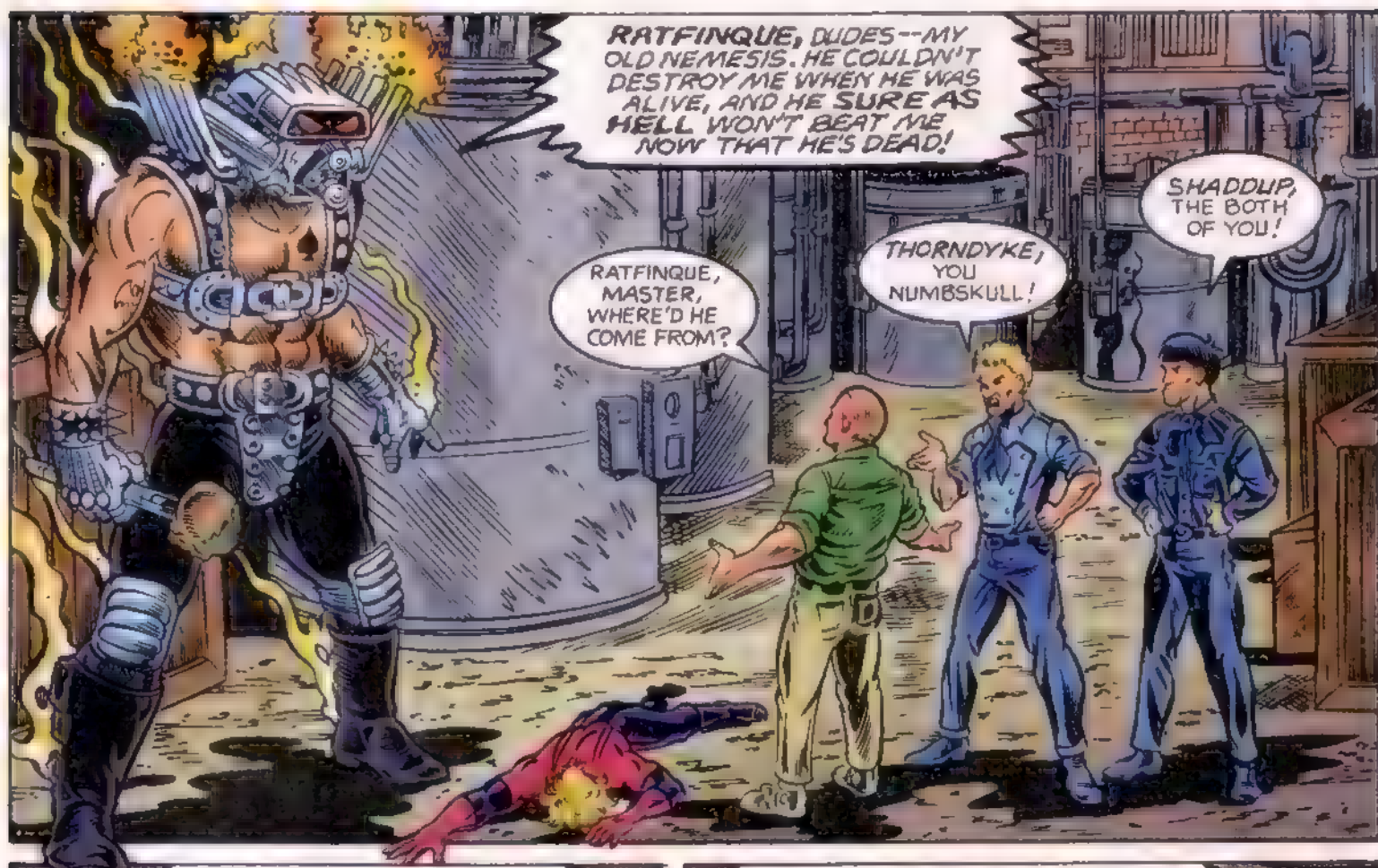










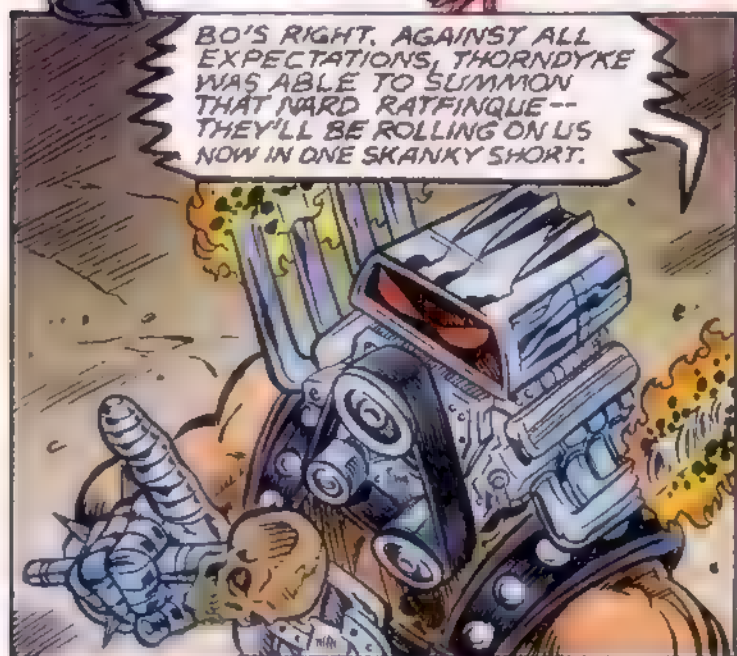


RATFINQUE, DUDES--MY OLD NEMESIS. HE COULDN'T DESTROY ME WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, AND HE SURE AS HELL WON'T BEAT ME NOW THAT HE'S DEAD!

SHADDUP, THE BOTH OF YOU!

THORNDYKE, YOU NUMBSKULL!

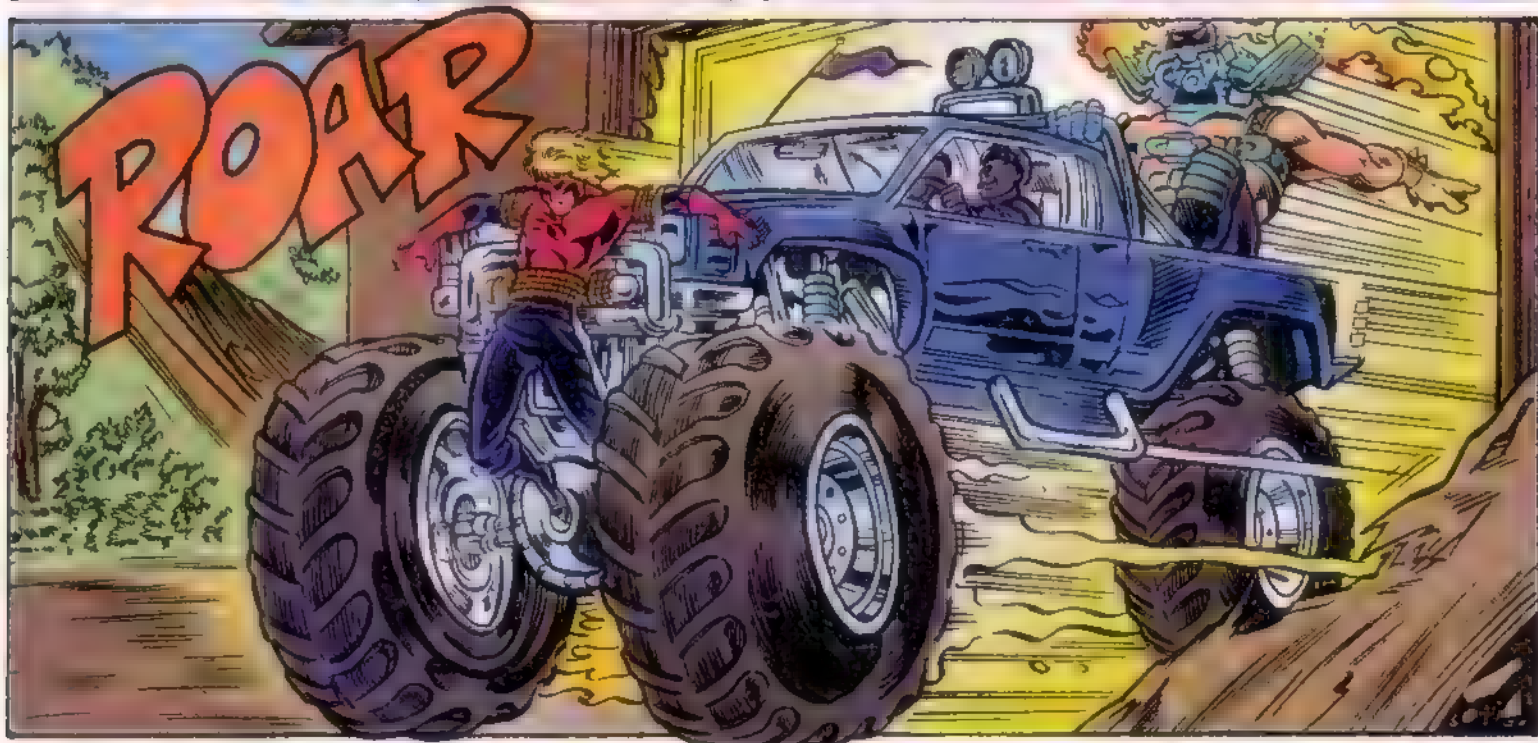
RATFINQUE, MASTER, WHERE'D HE COME FROM?



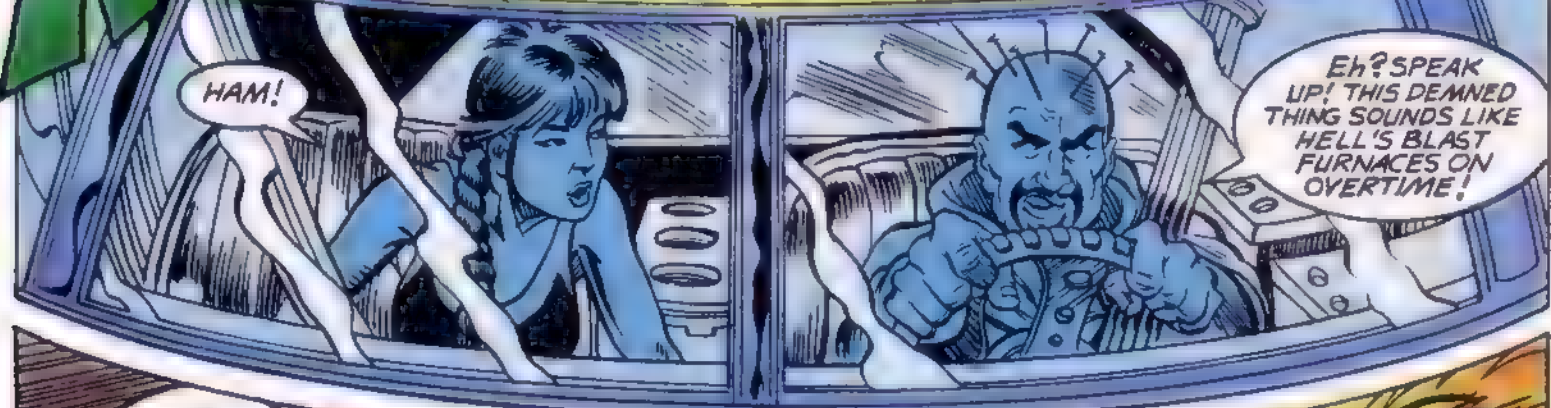
BO'S RIGHT. AGAINST ALL EXPECTATIONS, THORNDYKE WAS ABLE TO SUMMON THAT NARD RATFINQUE-- THEY'LL BE ROLLING ON US NOW IN ONE SKANKY SHORT.



WE'LL MEET THESE BASTARDS AND MATCH 'EM WHEEL TO WHEEL. NO ONE BEATS MOTORHEAD IN A CONTEST OF SPEED AND POWER... THE BADGER WILL BE OUR HOOD ORNAMENT.



ROAARRRR!

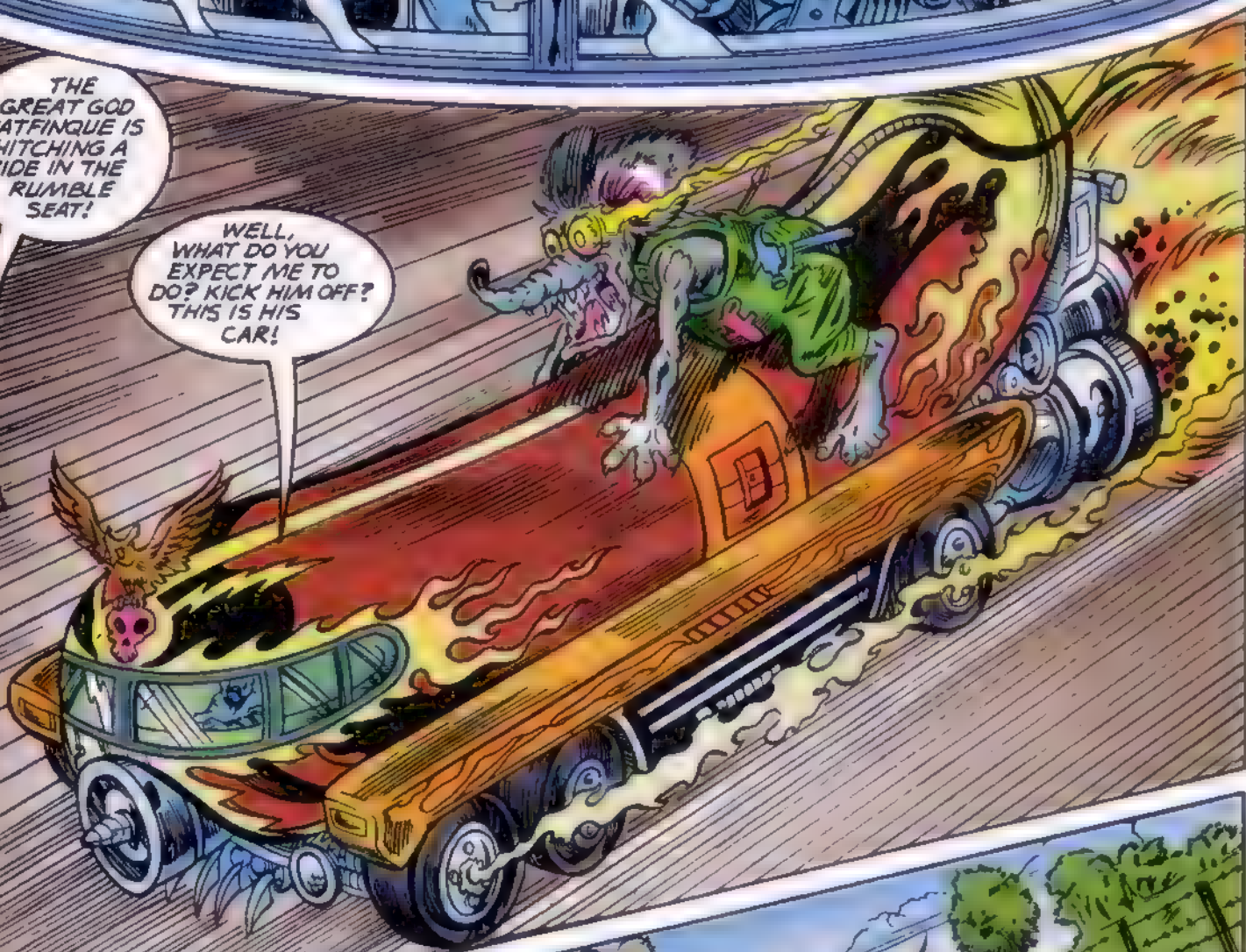


HAM!

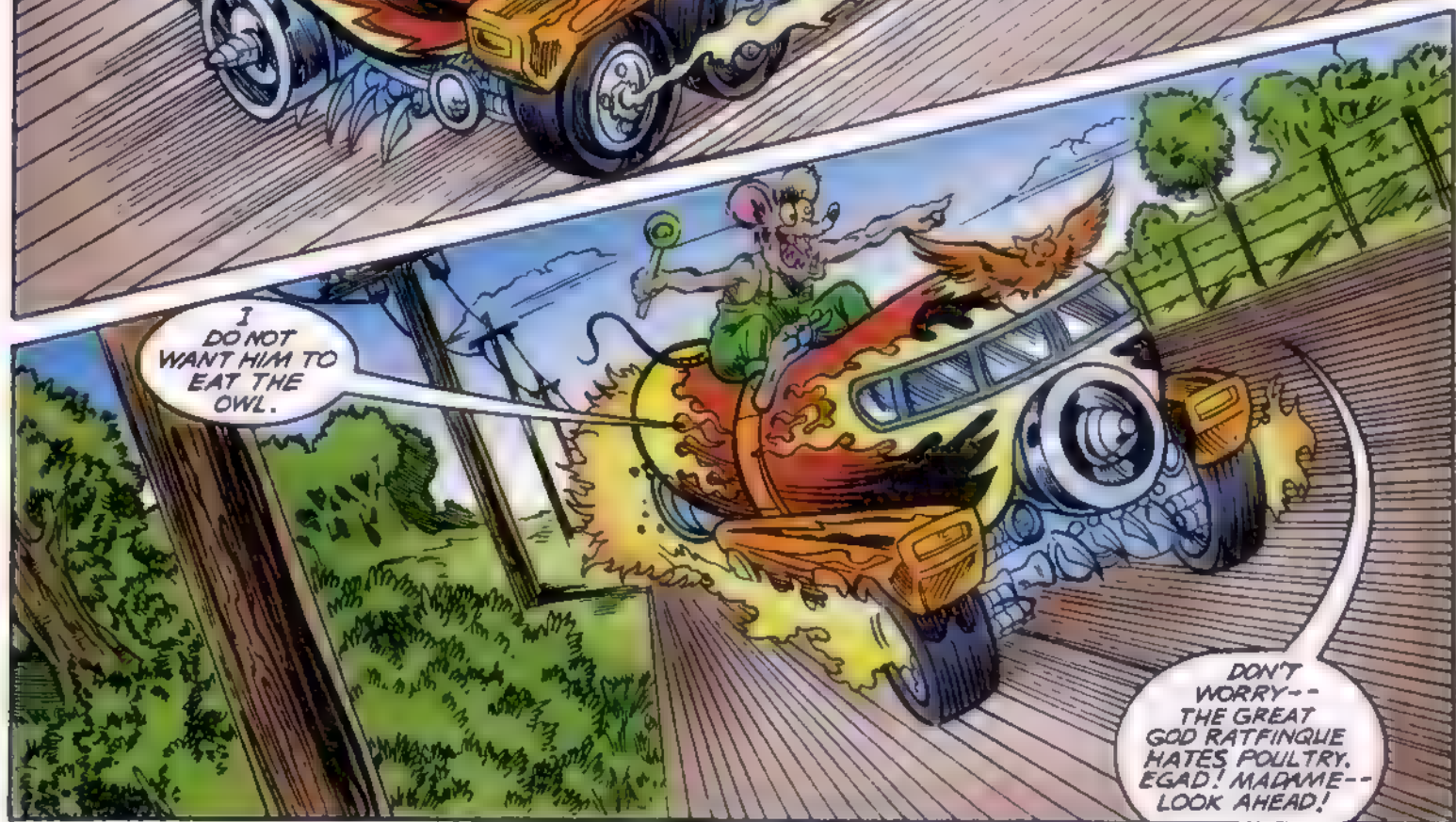
Eh? SPEAK UP! THIS DAMNED THING SOUNDS LIKE HELL'S BLAST FURNACES ON OVERTIME!

THE GREAT GOD RATFINQUE IS HITCHING A RIDE IN THE RUMBLE SEAT!

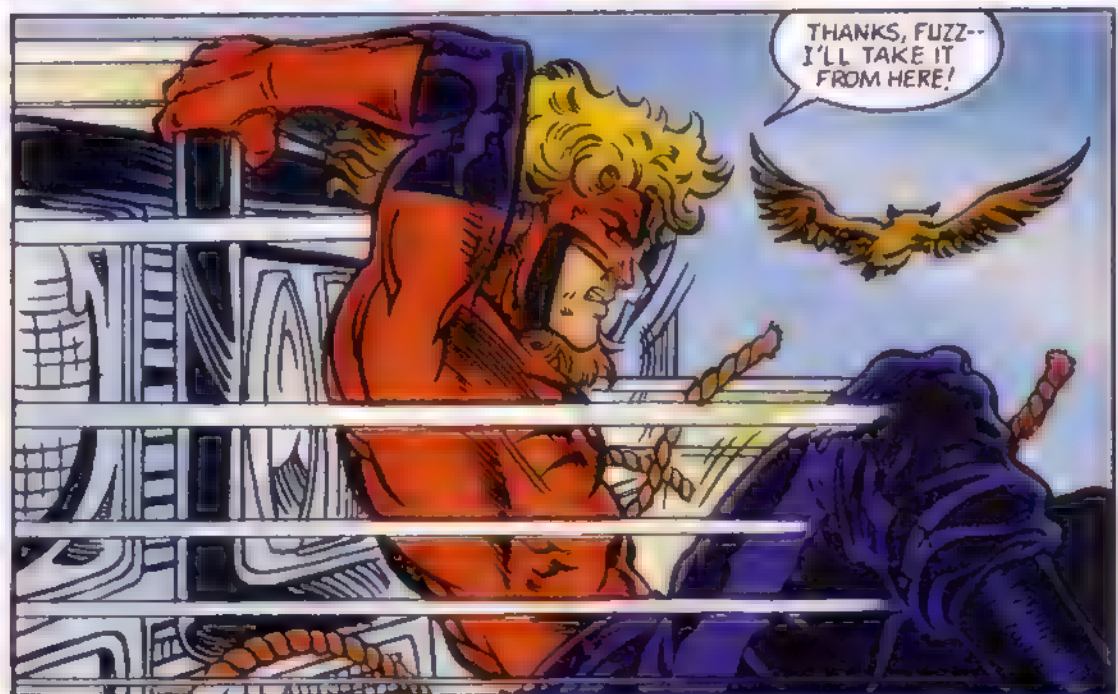
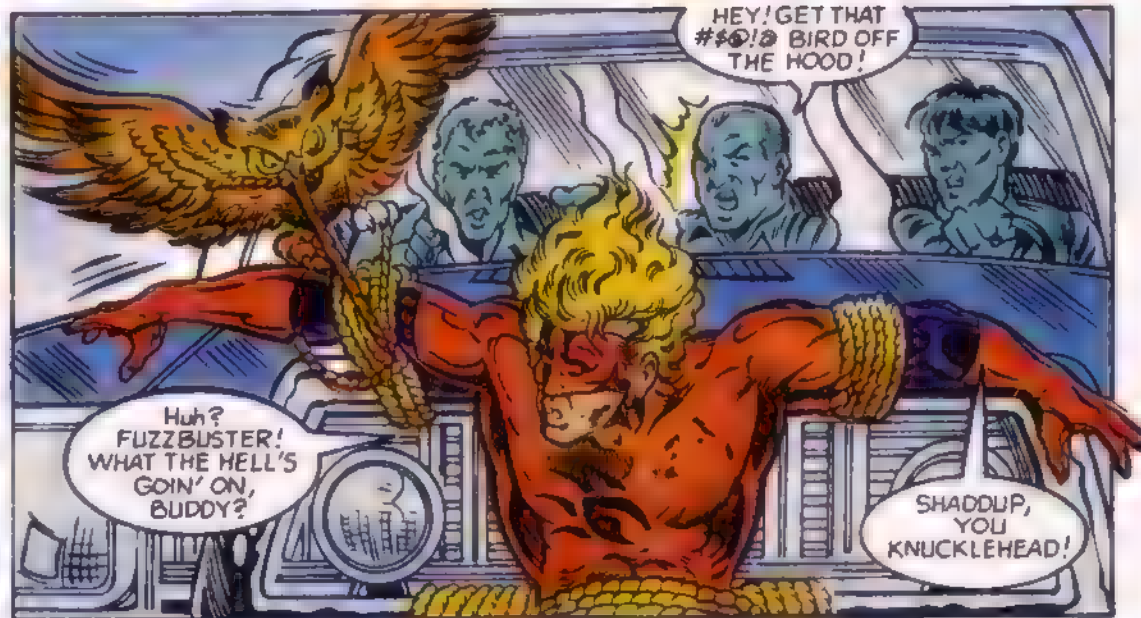
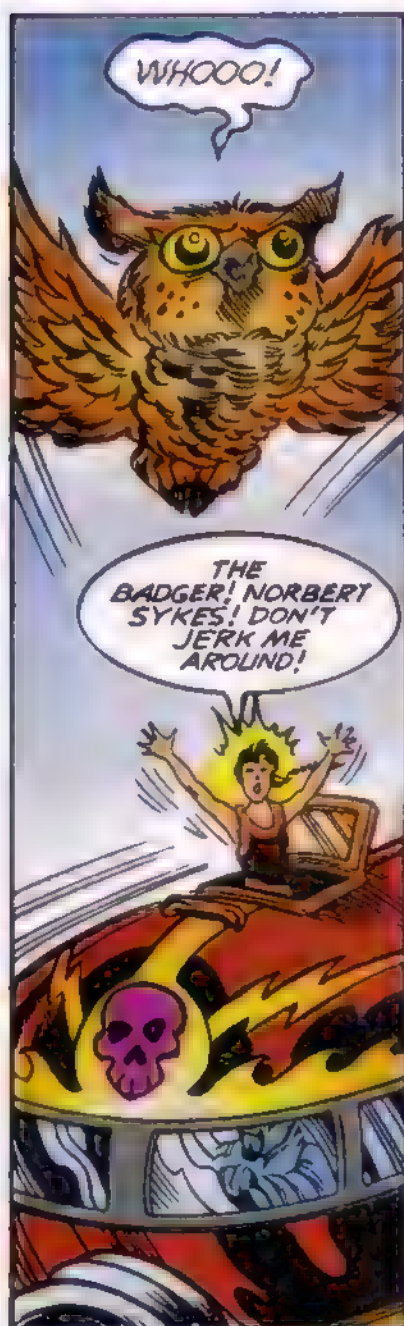
WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO? KICK HIM OFF? THIS IS HIS CAR!



I DO NOT WANT HIM TO EAT THE OWL.



DON'T WORRY-- THE GREAT GOD RATFINQUE HATES POULTRY. EGAD! MADAME-- LOOK AHEAD!





BO! BO!
HE'S GETTING
AWAY!

YO,
MOTORHEAD!
YOU FORGOT
TO PAY THE
GAS GUZZLER
TAX!

QUICK!
EVERYBODY
TO THE BACK
OF THE
BUS!

ROAR

I WISH
YOU WERE AN
OSCAR MAYER
WEINER...

WHOO!

BOOM



Dear LARRY,:

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL
60610

Hey Bob,

Badger #59 was one of the most bizarre, surreal, downright goofy stories I've read in ages. The very premise of a guru giving Norbert a million bucks to clean up New York is pretty bizarre to begin with, but a fashion designer? You've got to be kidding! And the dialogue — whoof! It was a throwback to the title's early days. It was rude, crude and downright lewd.

In short, "Style" was superb.

It was the type of *Badger* story I really groove to.

The last year or so's worth of stuff has been very depressing (and for the most part boring) because it's been, well... structured. There's been no real bizarre stuff going on for quite a while now, and the bizarreness is what endears good old Norbert to his fans. So loosen up and let's go crazy!

Lookin' forward to Steven Butler's taking over the title. Actually looking forward to seeing anyone take the title's visuals on a regular monthly basis.

See ya at Munden's

Uncle Elvis
1598 Ft. Campbell Blvd.
Clarksville, TN 37042

Unc. You were bored? Really? You've been bored, man? Well, shoot, I've got to start whipping that boy Baron into shape. Nobody should be bored reading old Badger. We've got to start pushing at the limits more. We've got to start going to the limits of madness. We've got to go to the next letter.

Dear Larry, and Ron and Mike and Jake and Arnie (collectively) and Larry and Bob and Bernie Greenslade and Everyone Else In The World Except My Dad,

Badger #59 was, in the honest opinion of a man who has read every comic book in the world since *Superman's Pal Jimmy Olsen* #102,

the ugliest comic book every produced (since George Tuska gave up *Iron Man* and Robert Crumb stopped doing covers for *XYZ Comics* — to give a major standard for ugliness). So naturally, I loved it!!!!

I haven't seen so many grotesque and distorted physical characterizations since Gahan Wilson and the bubble gum cards for the Garbage Pail Kids. I think the Brothers Pander should get some honors for being guys whose style is impossible to ghost (except the guy who did the movie poster for *Grease II...*).

We're talking serious strangeness here. Yet...

Aside from the appalling art, we have a Baron script that tries to incorporate too much of New York trash-culture too fast. Baron is at his best satirizing the midwest and having him pondering the Big Apple becomes as silly as having Tom Wolfe pondering the cultural deficiencies of Galveston, Texas. The *Badger* works best in his home environment as does Baron when he writes for that environment.

After all, in New York, you're playing madness against madness and the basic rule of comedy is that comedy is always funnier when you have a straight man to play against. Laurel and Laurel or Costello and Costello aren't funny but Abbott and Hardy are!!! Hardy HAR!!! This was even funnier when I had an editor to play lines against. Remember? (Now, now. Let's not pout. I still love ya, and I'm still straight.)

I think Steven Butler will be the artist for the '90s and this book will take off like Daffy Duck in a near classic spasm of insanity. I like that in a comic and I look for it in a woman. (And I'm sure women look for the same quality in you, too.)

In the ongoing poll...

I want 26-page stories and if you have to run a back-up, please make it: A) out-takes of *The Edgar Allan*

Poe First Classic Comics, B) Deni Loubert's personal diary, C) My Life as a Fish (written and drawn by me), D) photo's of Jack Nicholson punching out fanboys who think he is "one of them," E) Eric Young (my Friend) beating up guys on a submarine, F) the Mavis Davis swimsuit issue, or G) a long novelization of *The Day the Earth Stood Still* with Nexus as the Patricia Neal character and Ham as the little boy and Norbert as the Sam Jaffe scientist.

T.E. Pouncey

Having sunshine on a cloudy day
Wichita, KS 67208

T.E., why exclude your dad?

Dear Buckies:

Now that you've explained why the Wombat underwent his change in appearance, I feel more comfortable with it: however, when next that Aborigine Avenger appears, I hope it's in the hands of Steven Butler (the preview in "Dear Larry" was mighty impressive), and not in those of artists as eccentric as Gary Chaloner... or the Pander Brothers.

Putting the *Badger* in my territory made for a nice change, especially when Mike Baron brought in the fashion scene and those common-as-cockroaches costumed vigilantes. The send-up of Hissy Myawky was great. Bagwhan Sammy, Boris and Owen were hilarious. And Mike even reminded us that the *Badger* is an agent of the Lord, had his hero struggle to remember his roots (yep, you're married, Norbert), and let Alice come up with a new bathing suit design.

But the Pander Brothers were perhaps too New York for a country boy like *Badger*. "Style" was true to its title in *Badger* #59, but while the mohawk woman, the vigilantes, Hissy, Theory Mugger and the other grinks, groinks and drongos were

"Where in the name of God did you drag the Pander Brothers up from, and when are they going back? Call me a purist, but I don't dig seeing my favorite psychopath drawn as one of H.P. Lovecraft's degenerate imaginings."

fine, the Badger was not. He looked wild enough, "twisted beyond your wildest dreams," yet he rarely looked lost in the Big Apple, as he should have been. I mean, who expected to earn \$2,000,000.00 in a few weeks for designing clothes which will have the impact and longevity of the Rutles, a legend to last a lunchtime? And what's this about "serious vandalism" in Barneveld?

Incidentally, the Badger has appeared in a few issues of *Nexus* you neglected to mention: No. 23, in an untold tale of the Bowl-Shaped World; No. 30, as a specter in a maze ("Be like that. Badger doesn't care"); and No. 44, when he showed up, straight from the mind of a 26th century insurance salesman, at the Black Hole and joined forces with Horatio Hellpop and Judah Macabee. Miss not your geese, Larry, and let's see each other in a month. Okay?

Go ahead, bite the big apple. Don't mind the maggots.

Charles J. Sperling
Apt. 4-C
37-15 Parsons Blvd.
Flushing, NY 11354

Thanks for the information on other Badger appearances, Charles. I'm getting old, I forget these things.

However, some readers did not appreciate the subtleties, the nuances, the clear line of the Pander's depiction of ol' Badger...

Buckies,

Let me be blunt: issue #59 SUCKED!

Perhaps I haven't made myself clear. Issue #59 sucked BIG, HUGE, MOSSY ROCKS! Where in the name of God did you drag the Pander Brothers up from, and when are they going back? Call me a purist, but I don't dig seeing my favorite psychopath drawn as one of H.P. Lovecraft's degenerate imaginings.

And while I'm on the subject, why didn't anyone else in the book have more than a basic resemblance to the human form? Two arms, two legs, usually a head, sure, but other than that...

Yeah, I know, you were trying to show the "gritty urban decay" of New York, but don't we really get enough of that kind of thing in *Grimjack*? To me, *Badger* has always seemed at its best when ol' Badger has been portrayed as a lone loony in a (relatively) sane world. When he's just a violent nut in a city full of crazies, what's the point? Lock him up!

This is the first *Badger* that I've really been disappointed in, and that's why I'm so cheezed off about it. Keep the Badger in the Midwest, keep the Pander Brothers chained up, and everything will be cool!

Quentin R. Dodd
785 Ft. Johnson Rd.
Charleston, SC 29412

Quentin, I'm sorry that you have been disappointed. We'll do better in the future I promise.

(Was that sincere enough? Huh? I don't want to come off sounding like a jerk. I do anyway? Hey. Wait a minute...)

Dear "Badger People,"

I've been reading "Dear Larry" in the back of ish #54 and I just had to write you. I love *Badger*. It's awesome. I started with *Badger* #54 then bought *Badger Goes Berserk*. Now I'm happily collecting the whole series. (Yes, even those by Capital Comics.) I am currently collecting 18 different comics (ya gotta know how hard that is for a guy who's only income is my pop's), but of them all, *Badger's* the best. Finally a character that's not "super" and is as crazy as I am. I wait for the comic book shop to open to spend money on your comic.

Yours is the first of the books I'm collecting with good literature and great artwork, and yes, it's printed on white paper instead of the recycled newspaper garbage. I'm happy. And if you print this, I'll be very happy.

Your friend and fan,
Mike "Patch" Salas

You'll be very happy when you've read this column, Patch ol' boy. But I'm afraid that our all-black paper, next issue is going to come as quite a shock to you. But, it's going to look seriously cool under a black light.

Hell, you probably weren't even born when black lights were popular, were you? I'm getting too old for this job.

— Bob (Aging rapidly) Garcia



NEXT ISSUE: Enough fun and games. Next issue, we get deadly serious when Badger experiences a death in the family car, and has to deal with an evil family plot in the "Funeral Home." By Mike Baron, Steven Butler and Randy Clark.